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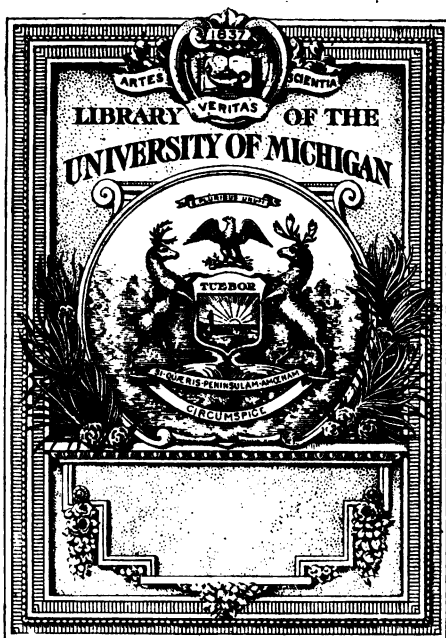
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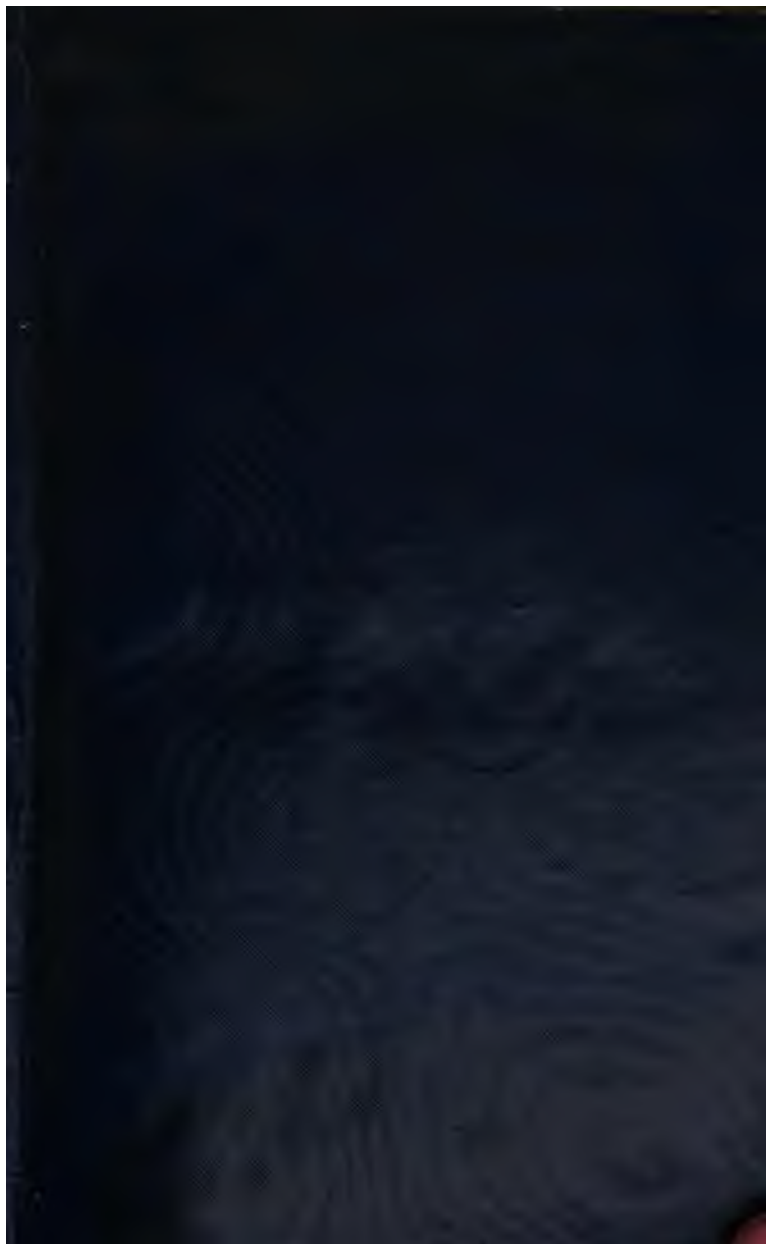
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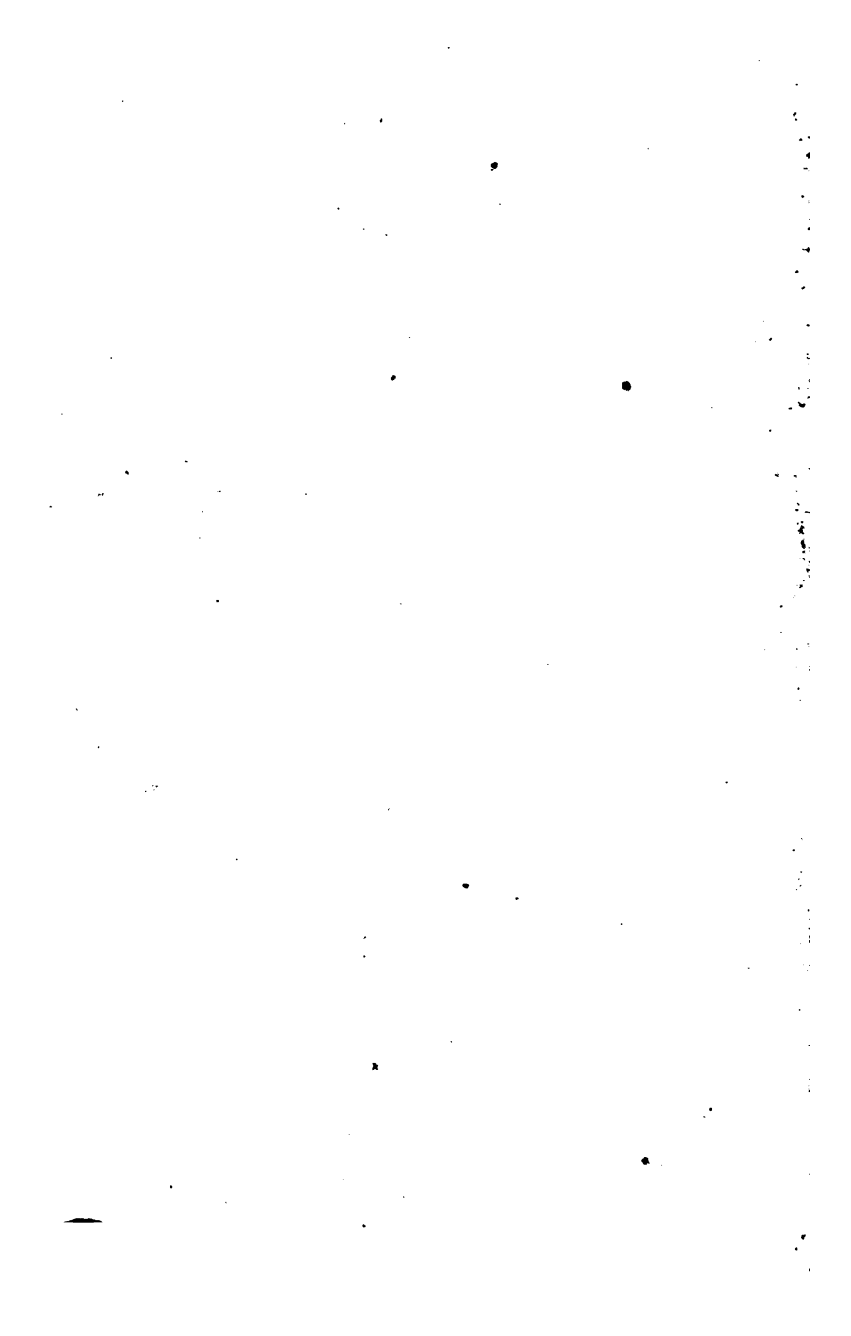
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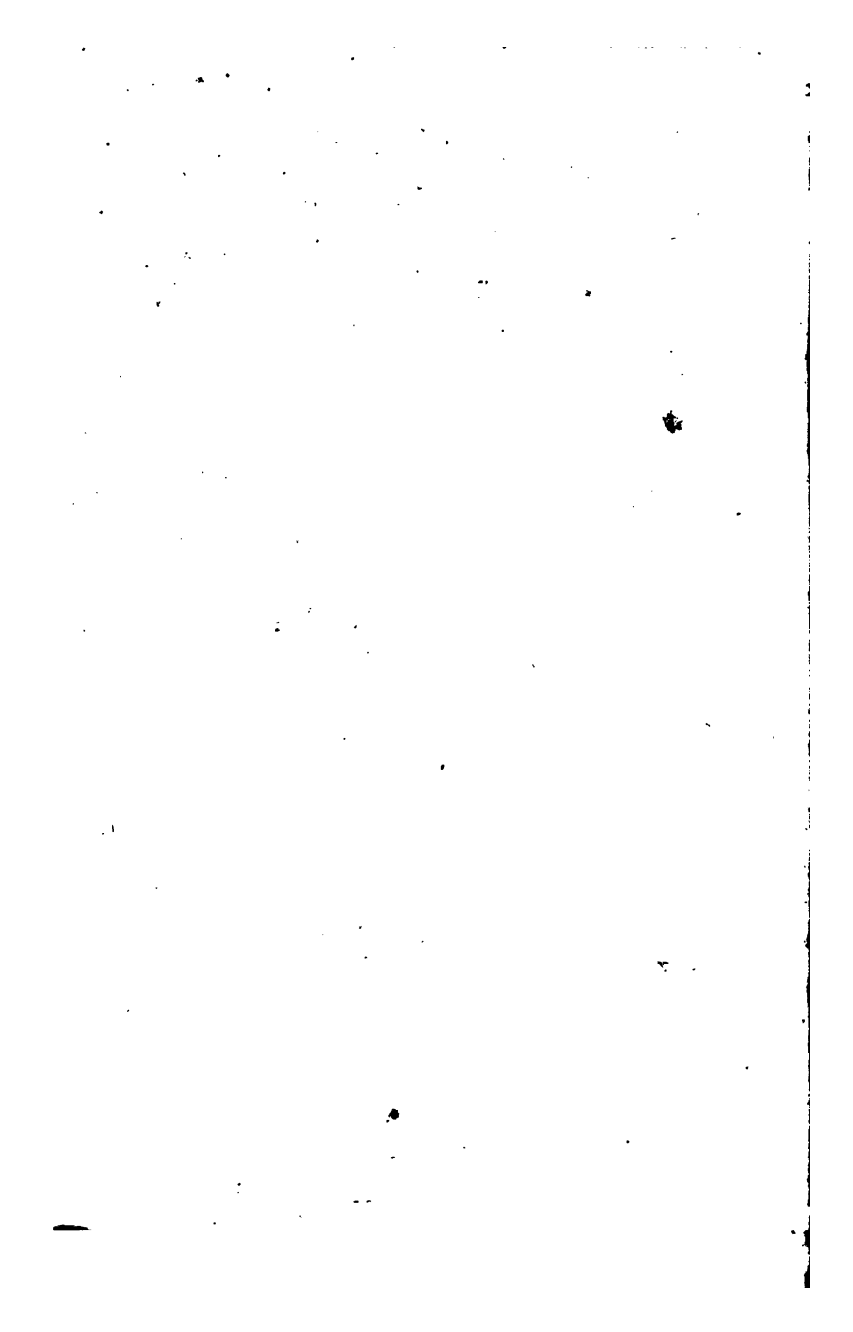
**THE**  
**VALLEY OF SHENANDOAH.**

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Printed by J. Darling, Leadenhall-Street, London.

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*Tucker, George*

THE  
**VALLEY OF SHENANDOAH,**

OR,

**Memoirs**

**OF THE GRAYSONS.**

**IN THREE VOLUMES.**

Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,  
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth. Sir H. Wotton.

**VOL. II.**



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## VALLEY OF SHENANDOAH.

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### CHAPTER I.

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**T**HE next morning the gentlemen of the long robe, invigorated by their comfortable night's rest, paid their respects to Mrs. Grayson's excellent breakfast, particularly as she, ever kind and considerate, in addition to muffins, and wheat bread, rivalling ivory in whiteness, had provided buckwheat cakes and honey, of which her guests were known to be very fond. After they rose from the table, Edward invited Mr. Trueheart to walk with him and his mother into the office, while Mr. Hardy, Gildon, and Louisa, withdrew to the par-

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lour. When they were all seated in the little office, Edward disclosed the particulars of their situation, and of the offer that had been made to old Hatchett, and asked his friend's advice about the suggestion made by M'Culloch of compromising with the creditor.

This worthy man looked very serious after he heard Edward's statement, and told them that if it were advisable to compromise, a matter he could not positively decide without further consideration, and communicating with the counsel for the estate in Richmond, he feared they would not be able to offer any terms which would probably be accepted. He admitted, however, that there were many uncertainties in the law—that securities were always favoured suitors—and that in all new and doubtful cases, both courts and juries were sure to lean in their favour. He then, with the foresight which long experience had given, and that benevolence which he had derived from nature, adverted to the situation of their affairs, in the different

events of the compromise, or its failure—and set before them (with a frankness which, however disagreeable, he thought the occasion called for) the difficulty of their situation. He was pleased, however, to find that Edward had considered the worst, and that he felt a confidence in his own exertions which augured future success; and that although Mrs. Grayson had not taken so desperate a view of their affairs as he was compelled to do, she found consolation and support in the piety she had always cherished.

The worthy counsellor then, with equal delicacy and feeling, recommended as much economy as was practicable—advised them to call in the debts due to the estate, pay off all claims against it, and to save if possible the house and a small portion of land adjoining. He further intimated that he had a sum of money lying idle which might be used until their intended sales could replace it, and that a small but comfortable farm in the adjoin-

ing county of Shenandoah might afford them an asylum, at a low rent, if the worst consequence he had predicted should ensue. He also promised to take the negotiation of compromise into his own hands, if that course should be determined on, as he had often done business for the creditor, and had some influence with him, and recommended them to have nothing whatever to do with Hatchett, who, rapacious and unfeeling, would shew them no favour, and would expect to get their property lower by heightening their distress and precipitating its crisis.

“ I trust, my dear sir, that Heaven will reward you for your goodness, as I cannot.”

“ Say nothing on that score, madam,” said he; “ I do no more for colonel Grayson’s family than I am sure he would have done for mine—nay, what do I say? for any little services I may be able to render you, and which you greatly over-rate, I have been long paid in advance. I can never forget that when I moved to this part of the country from Hanover, I



was an entire stranger, and by the patronage and aid of colonel Grayson, I soon got into very extensive business, and some of it of a very profitable character, which I could not have possibly got otherwise. He treated me like a brother: his house was always open to me, as well as his counsels and his purse. I should be then a monster of ingratitude, if I were to act otherwise than I propose. Yet, my dear madam," said he, with a benevolent smile, "if you are too proud to receive favours from one who has received so many from you, you must allow me to discharge a debt; and if my friend Edward can profit by reading in my office, and learning something of the machinery of the profession, after he returns from the law lectures in Williamsburg, he must pass some months with me—unless, as report says, he means to take up his residence a little nearer to you."

Edward replied that there was no probability of his being able to find shelter under any roof that would be more ac-

ceptable than his, and he would gladly accept his offer.

They all now set out for Winchester, as it had been arranged that at this court Louisa should choose her mother as her guardian. The ladies rode in the carriage, while Edward, Gildon, and the two lawyers, attended them on horseback. The distance was about fourteen miles, and the roads being very good at this season of the year, they got to the town by eleven o'clock. Mrs. Grayson drove to the house of Mrs. Stewart, a widow lady of great respectability, who kept a private boarding-house, where Trueheart, and two or three other lawyers, put up when attending the courts.

After some slight change in their dress, the ladies proceeded to the court-house. The yard was thronged with people from the remotest parts of the county; they presented a most motley and grotesque collection. Here an old German with a long black beard, dressed in red and blue striped homespun—not far from him, a

stout, hale, rawboned, ruddy farmer, evidently of Scotch-Irish origin—in one corner, an old woman with a little table spread with cakes and early apples, and a boy or two to replenish her table when required—waggons were also near the court-yard, containing different species of rude ware of country manufacture—some with hempen cloth, some with whiskey, and coarse pottery, spinning wheels, slaies for weaving, and other household implements. They were all neat and clean in their dress, which was of cotton cloth, manufactured by themselves, and striped yellow, red, and blue, in infinite variety, but producing in the *tout ensemble* the character of uniformity.

The mother and daughter each rested on Edward's arm, and as he was personally known to many, and to still more by his resemblance to his father, it had been easy for an observing spectator to perceive in the looks and manner of the throng the innate respect which the people have for goodness, and that the homage voluntarily

paid to a virtuous man is transferred in some degree to his family. The crowd readily opened, and made way for them to pass, as they walked up the little green before the court. Their voices were unconsciously hushed to a whisper—some took off their hats—a few spoke, but most of them shewed their respect and the interest they took in the fallen fortunes of the family (which were now becoming matters of notoriety), by a silent reverence, and looks of heartfelt sympathy.

Colonel Grayson had been a member of the court, and had deservedly possessed great weight among his brethren. Several of these magistrates approached Mrs. Grayson, while they made their way through the crowd in the court-room, to inquire about her health, and invited her to take a seat on the bench until her business could be executed. Old Trueheart had sent on a messenger to the clerk, to prepare the necessary papers, that the ladies might be detained as short a time as possible in such a scene of confusion, and

he intended to accompany them into court; but he was so assailed on all sides by his clients—"Mr. Trueheart, I want to have a word with you"—"Colonel, stop a moment"—"Well, here's major Trueheart, I'll leave it to him"—"Stop, major"—"Stop, colonel," that though he disregarded many of their applications and put off others, yet he was laid hold of by some with so much violence, that he was at length separated, not without reluctance and some sallies of anger, which were regarded like the harmless flashes of the Aurora Borealis. He soon followed them on the bench, puffing and blowing, and telling those who were still calling to him not to pester him at that time.

The clerk, who was very nimble with his pen, and who felt the highest respect for the ladies, soon prepared the necessary papers, and Louisa, led into court by her brother, was asked who she chose as her guardian; and as soon as her choice was declared, several members of the court

immediately tendered themselves as sureties; but Mrs. Grayson politely declined their offer, as Trueheart and two or three others had been before them.

These ladies attracted the eyes of the whole assembly; their standing in the county, as well as their dress and appearance, being superior to that of the females who usually shew themselves in court. The regard they had for colonel Grayson, but more than all, the beauty of Louisa, set off as it was by artless innocence and virgin modesty, commanded their reverential homage. Gildon, reading the inquiries of some, and the eager gaze of others, the success of those charms which had at once won his regard, and acknowledged him as their sovereign, felt somewhat of the intoxicating triumph which we may suppose a victorious general experiences, when on a parade, ten thousand voices proclaim his victories and his popularity. Several members of the bar were particularly struck with Louisa's appearance, and one more than the rest kept his

eyes fixed on her face, until he seemed lost in reverie. He proved to be one of her distarded lovers. This general homage to her personal appearance was not altogether lost on the timid Louisa; and the consciousness of being the focus on which so many eyes centred, heightened her blushes and augmented her beauty.

As she and her mother were retiring from the court, the attorney for the commonwealth told the sheriff to call James Gildon, who, animated by the admiration she had excited, could not forbear the enviable gratification of approaching her, and attending her out of the court-house. The name of him who was ever present to Louisa's mind being thus proclaimed, in a voice of thunder, in such a crowd, overwhelmed her with confusion. She thought every one knew her sentiments—every eye read what was then passing in her bosom; and the blood might be seen to come and go in her delicate cheek like flashes of distant lightning in a summer evening. She would fain have asked why

He was called, but timidity restrained her. Her lover, however, remarked—"Now I am to answer for my misdeeds towards my old friend Jaque; but I must first see you to your lodgings."

Mrs. Grayson was insisting on his return, when old Trueheart, who had been again trying to join them, came bustling out, and told Gildon his presence was wanted immediately in court.

They returned into court, and Trueheart stated, that the person whose name had been just called, then appeared, in discharge of his recognisance, and was ready to answer the complaint against him.

Jaque was seen standing within the bar; and although he had been walking about his farm for more than a week, without assistance, he was then supported on the crutches which he had at first been obliged to use; and his foot was swathed in wrappings six inches thick.

As Trueheart was an experienced advocate, and had the ear of the court, as the phrase is, and the commonwealth's



attorney was a man of but ordinary talents, Jaque had employed lawyer Worricourt as an auxiliary, a veteran renowned for his deep knowledge of the law, for unbounded zeal in behalf of his clients, and the untired perseverance with which he was wont to assail court, jury, and antagonists.

The testimony was now heard, which was that of Jaque himself, who gave an artful and exaggerated statement of his going to market, and just as he got to the brow of the hill, he saw a carriage near the bottom, where the road was wide enough for them to pass each other, and expected they would remain there; but they moved on, as much as to say a waggon must get out of the road for a fine carriage.—“I thought,” said he, “I would frighten them a bit; but up rises a young fellow, the same that’s in the par there, wid that horse-collar rount his neck, and called me prite, and tammed scoundrel; when I told him if he tid not get out of the way, he should feel my waggon whip;

upon which he struck me, and while I was trying to defend myself, he served me a Yankee trick, and canted me off my horse, and toun I fell under my waggon-wheel, that run over one foot, as you see here, and might have run over poth, or my pody; and I does want to know if these Yankees are allowed to come here and impose on a waggoner, pecause he has not a fine coat on his pack."

Trueheart then called on Edward, who was not present at the beginning of the fray, but who, on coming up, had heard the matter stated by Gildon, and not denied by Seryder; after which, some interrogatories put to Jaque, and a stout resistance on the part of Worricourt, Gildon was discharged. But as he was about to seek Louisa, he heard the clerk proclaim the unwelcome sound of "the Commonwealth against Gildon, a true bill." Trueheart advised his young client to plead to the indictment immediately, by which means the case might, with the consent of the counsel for the commonwealth, be

ted without further delay. He did so, and the case was agreed to be argued in the morning. Gibbon then went in search of his friends, and to his great regret found that Edward had returned home with his mother and sister; but leaving a message that he would be again with him in the morning.

As he was acquainted with no one but M'Culloch and Trueheart, both of whom were very much engaged, though in different sorts of business, he endeavoured to find some amusement by observing the course of proceedings in the court. He saw numbers thronging round the clerk's table, for the purpose of proving deeds and wills, or to execute bonds, as guardians, executors, or administrators. He heard various motions made for judgments on bonds, which had been given by debtors for the delivery of property taken in execution, and had been then forfeited, and one or two attachments against runaway debtors tried: but unable to understand the technical language of the bar, which

appeared to him a barbarous jargon, he soon became wearied of the scene. "Is it possible," thought he, "that questions of right and wrong should be involved in so much doubt and difficulty; and if all these subtleties and nice distinctions are unavoidable, is it also necessary that they should be veiled in a language that none but the initiated can understand? The law is said to be a rule of action, and a rule of property to the citizen, yet these rules it is impossible he can know, and those who make a business of interpreting, do not seem to agree about."

While these reflections were passing through Gildon's mind, as he was sauntering idly at the back of the bar, he lighted on Trueheart, in company with the young lawyer who had gazed with so much interest on Louisa. The barrister immediately accosted him—"Where have you hid yourself? I have been searching for you in the crowd this half hour. Let me introduce to your acquaintance a young

friend of mine, and a member of the bar—Mr. Fanshaw, Mr. Gildon.”

This was a young man of a genteel appearance, with a face that indicated genius, of a grave and rather melancholy aspect.

Having learnt from Gildon what had occurred with regard to Jaque's suit, he abruptly left them, saying to Gildon—“ I must now go into the bar, and leave you with my friend Fanshaw; and I am sure you will find no difficulty in entertaining one another.”

Gildon now, according to his habitual practice, began to converse with his new acquaintance on the subject which he presumed he best understood; and communicated to him some of his thoughts on the profession of the law, which had been passing in his mind a little before. He found that Fanshaw, (whom indolence and false delicacy, as he afterwards understood, had prevented from succeeding at the bar,) while he vindicated our systems of jurisprudence, thought more unfavourably of the practice than Gildon himself had done: it

was indeed a favourite theme of declamation with him.

"The law, as an occupation, Mr. Gildon," said this young man, "has little to recommend it. You must be surrounded by a set of ill-mannered, low-minded people, who are either rapacious, unfeeling creditors, or knavish, fraudulent debtors, seeking to evade their contracts; savage bullies on one side, or contemptible cowards on the other; and slanderers endeavouring to screen themselves from the effects of their malignity, or those who meanly seek to make those slanders against his character, which every man believes, at least in part, a source of profit. In short, he is familiar with every form which violence, injustice, meanness, or crime can assume. Then, too, you must put up with grossness and vulgarity, breathing their pestilential breaths, impregnated with the fumes of whiskey or tobacco, into your lungs; uttering their low suspicions, or no less offensive jests; and giving you a taste, in defrauding you of your fees, of that

knavery they want your aid to practise on others. You must dance attendance, in this dirty court-house, at all seasons; in winter without fire, and in summer without air: wedged in with a crowd of cold-hearted, contentious rivals, who envy you every fee they are not able to intercept, and who listen to your speeches only to cavil at your logic, or to laugh at your mistakes; and when you have been fortunate, and get employed by a bad man, in a bad cause, (as is the case nine times out of ten,) you are compelled to identify yourself with him, and to tax your memory, and fancy, and invention, for arguments, and law, and embellishments, to support what you know to be unreasonable and unjust. Besides, you must not only sell them your words, and learning, and ingenuity, but body and soul in the bargain. You must bellow, toil, and sweat, be angry, and indignant, and pathetic, or you are charged with ignorance or stupidity; and ten to one but you are also suspected of being bribed by the opposite party.

"Such is the profession which I have foolishly selected as the means of acquiring fortune and fame; but which no man ever yet acquired in this way, unless he was goaded by necessity; for nothing less would be sufficient to carry him through the direful probation I have mentioned."

While Fanshaw was thus speaking, a stout, rough-looking man, in a blue hunting-shirt, came up to him, and said—"Is your name Fanshaw?"

"It is."

"I have been recommended to you by old George Trueheart. Are you at leisure?"

"Perfectly, sir," said the other, his face assuming an expression of lively pleasure; and making a slight apology to Gildon, he suddenly withdrew with his client, and shewed that, amid all his denunciations against his profession, he was not without a due relish for its delights.

Thus again left to himself, Gildon took a stroll over the town, which he found to consist principally of industrious, thriving



mechanics, and some shops of dry goods and groceries. There was an air of stir and bustle in the streets and the shops and the public-houses, which he correctly attributed to the court being then in session. A few handsome carriages paraded the streets, of which he found the chief part belonged to the country, the gentry of the neighbourhood taking this opportunity of displaying their equipages, and of supplying themselves with the finery of the shops.

When sufficiently exercised with this ramble, Gildon returned to the tavern, and sat down to the ordinary with about forty or fifty persons, who said little, but ate heartily of the meats, and the various species of fruit pies and other articles of pastry which succeeded. He observed that every man began with bacon and cabbage, and ended with milk, the *ova* and *mala* of Virginia. He returned to the court-house in the afternoon, and found the scene little changed, except that many of the country people were flustered by the liquor in

which they had been indulging; and some were mounting their horses, and others harnessing and preparing to return. He found himself more solitary in this crowd than if he had been entirely alone; but the irksomeness of his situation, which he imputed to his being a stranger, was, no doubt, still more that which every lover feels when he is first separated from his mistress. He returns to the tavern, inquires for a room, and with some difficulty gets one in which he is free from interruption; and there, between writing to his friends in New-York, and reading the newspapers, he makes out to get rid of a long summer afternoon.

In the evening Trueheart walked over to the tavern, and insisted on his returning with him, and passing the evening at Mrs. Stewart's. He readily complied, for he was not of a temper to relish solitude long. Supper was over at an early hour, and the lawyers, assembling in Trueheart's room, found in the pleasures of convivial society some amends for the fatigues of the day.

The dry and unintelligible jargon of the courts was exchanged for wit and humour at once lively and delicate. Political subjects were discussed with ingenuity and ability; though with rather too much pertinacity. Pleasant stories, particularly such as hit off the characteristics of the Dutch, the Irish, or the Yankees, by turns entertained the company—two or three of them sung good songs, and amongst others, the Marseillois Hymn, at which time they all stood up, and, taking hands, joined in general chorus. The sprightliness of their wit, the acuteness and depth of their reflections, the felicity and good humour with which they bantered one another, made them appear like another set of persons from that which their care-clouded brows, their sharp and even morose altercations, exhibited them in the morning, and Gildon almost thought himself in the green-room of the New-York theatre, with the cleverest actors, who had laid aside the dresses of the parts they had been performing, to pass the re-

mainder of the night in mirth and jollity. They appeared to be the happiest fellows in the world, and he felt his respect greatly increased for the profession. Fanshaw too was there, and forgetting the picture he had drawn of the miseries of the profession, partook of the reigning hilarity ; but it was easy to see that his discerning associates attributed his unusual flow of spirits to the fee which Trueheart had procured *for him* in the morning. Among other things which struck Gildon, was the vast sum of intelligence they collected, of all that was memorable or worthy of note in the adjoining counties, and even of some of those that were remote. They knew every man's private affairs intimately ; and freely communicated to each other, not only what they had personally seen and known, but what they had learnt from those lawyers they had met in their distant circuits. In this way they are a sort of living telegraphs, to transmit over the state intelligence that never finds its way to the newspapers, and which by the echoes

of popular rumour is greatly distorted and exaggerated.

It is no wonder, thought Gildon, that this class has obtained such an ascendancy in our country. Their talents, their activity, and their intimate knowledge of men and their concerns, must give them infinite advantages over every other class. It seemed too as if the knavery and frauds of their clients had passed through their minds like smoke through the atmosphere, without staining its purity. They appeared to be, for the most part, men of honourable feelings and elevated sentiments, of great integrity in their dealings and prudence in the management of their affairs. If now and then some unworthy member came among them, who endeavoured by dint of cunning to supply the place of talents, he was soon put into Coventry; and continued there by his brethren, he could obtain no lasting respect among the people.

The next day, about ten o'clock, Ed-

ward. Grayson returned to Winchester, and they forthwith repaired to the courthouse. They no longer saw there the crowd of yesterday. All was comparative stillness, and quiet, and order; for no one was present except the officers of the court, the suitors, the witnesses, and a few loungers of the town. Trueheart had interest enough with the states' attorney, whom he occasionally assisted both with his pen and advice, to get his case taken up before it was reached in regular order. Worricourt made no objection, as he was impatient to get a further fee from Jaque Scryder.

The case was accordingly called, and Jaque appeared as the chief witness:—he stated the principal facts correctly, but gave them all the colouring the extent of his art would permit. Beal, the tavern-keeper, proved his condition when he arrived; and doctor Manifee stated the nature of the contusion, though neither with the brevity or plainness which the occasion demanded. He spoke of the meti-

carpel bones, and the tendon-Achilles, of extravasation, suppuration, and antiseptics, with great learning and self-complacency, as well as of his own attendance and the bill which he had rendered. The case was opened by the commonwealth's attorney, who said the assault was proved, that it was without provocation, and had been attended with great bodily injury, much loss of time and expence, and that an exemplary fine should be imposed on the wrongdoer.

Trueheart followed in behalf of the defendant, as Gildon was called. He spoke of the privilege of juries, carried further in this state than by the common law of England, or in most of the other states, since they had the power of fining for misdemeanours; that they were thus the guardians of the people's rights, and the shield of the poor against the rich and the well-born. Having thus secured their confidence, he cautioned them against the prejudices to which they were exposed.

He reminded them that on one side was a poor man, and on the other one who was said to be rich; that the prosecutor was indeed a countryman, and the other a stranger; but he trusted that a liberal and enlightened jury would be as ready to do justice to a citizen of another state as to one of their own, though he should happen to be rich; but of that he knew nothing, except that he had just returned from the college in Williamsburg, where he had been to finish his education, and he should be sorry he should return to his own state with cause to complain of the severity of our laws:—that it was true, it had been clearly proved that his young client had done an act of violence, but they must consider the circumstances of justification, or excuse which accompanied it; that he was attending the daughter of the late colonel Grayson, whom they had all known, and on a visit to a neighbour, when about to meet the prosecutor's waggon; on a hill side, where that and the carriage could not pass at the same time; that a



regard to the safety of his charge made him insist that the prosecutor, who was at the top of the hill, where he could easily stop, would wait a few minutes, till they could get by, which request the prosecutor brutally and unfeelingly refused. The defendant, finding him determined to persevere in a course that would have endangered the safety of a helpless female, endeavoured to detain the horses for two minutes, when the prosecutor threatened to make use of his whip against the defendant, and was in the act of raising it for that purpose, "on which it seems," said the barrister, "my client struck him. This, gentlemen, was the beginning of the affray, and what followed was pure accident, which might have befallen either party. Now I lay down the law, under the correction of the court, that an offer to strike by one party justifies an actual assault by the other; and so far from blaming the young gentleman for the part he acted, I commend him for his gallantry; and he would have deserved to be not only fined,

but to be followed by the execration of every generous spirit, if he had done less for the defence of the innocence and beauty which yesterday graced that bench, and which so strongly reminded us of him who was once one of its proudest ornaments. No, gentlemen, I cannot believe that an honest jury of Frederick will require a youth of spirit to stand by with folded arms, and see any man, whether he be poor or rich, threaten the safety of a defenceless female, though she were not the pride of your county and an ornament to her sex, and not make an effort to arrest the purpose of the unfeeling savage who would attempt it, nor yet to wait until the meditated blow should put it out of his power to render assistance."

He, amid the manifest but silent approbation of the whole audience, sat down, and several of the jury rose, with an involuntary impulse, to retire and bring in their verdict. But Worriecourt got up and said—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is our right to conclude. Be pleased to take

your seats." He then delivered a studied and formal harangue, which he had spent some hours of the evening before in preparing. He began by a formal dissertation on roads—noticed the laws appointing surveyors, and their various duties—the changes they had undergone from time to time—the difference between public ways and private ways—and how turnpikes differed from other public highways. Before he had got through this tedious introduction, one of the jury, who had taken more than the proper quantity of julep that morning, fell asleep; two of them stood up leaning on one shoulder against the rail round the justices' bench, and the rest shewed great impatience. Having at length perceived it, he hurried to the evidence, which he misrepresented where he could, and distorted and twisted where he could not, as would best suit his purpose; and having taken equal liberties with the law, he concluded by saying, that it was one of the plainest cases he had ever been concerned in since he had had the honour of

a place at that bar, and he had no doubt they would teach these fine-bred gentlemen a lesson, that should cure them of assaulting honest waggoners on their way to market, especially when going down hill.

The jury, who for the last hour had been internally abusing his tedious clink, as they called it, and had paid no attention to his argument, which was equally a perversion of law, evidence, and common sense, withdrew for a moment, and returned a verdict of not guilty, to the great satisfaction of all present. Gildon, elated with his triumph, again offered through Trueheart to make Jaque satisfaction for the injury he had unintentionally done; and somewhat cooled by his failure in the indictment, he readily accepted fifty dollars, in full satisfaction for the injury.

While Gildon was waiting till Mr. Trueheart could come out of the bar, for the purpose of making his acknowledgments to him, and of taking leave, a tall, gawky man, of a saturnine cast of countenance, rose up, and addressed the court. He

made such prefatory remarks as are usual with those who wish to command particular attention. He said that he would avail himself of that short interval, to propose to the court to correct a proceeding which had continued too long, to the reproach of those principles of liberty and equality which were the best fruits of the glorious revolution. He called the attention of the court to the first sentence of the Bill of Rights, "All men are by nature free and equal."

"Except negroes," whispered Gildon to Trueheart.

"And they too, by nature," replied Trueheart; "but not by the law of the land, nor yet by the great law of necessity."

The orator then spoke of the rise and progress of privileged classes in the civilized world, of titles, and other artificial distinctions. He said, that if we wished to preserve the equality of which we are now so justly proud, we should guard against every thing that squints at these odious

features of aristocracy and feudal barbarism. He then adverted to the style of addressing the court and jury, which had continued, with other odious and heterodox customs of the regal government; that so long as these badges of our former servitude remained, we should never have the noble sense of equality which became the citizens of a free commonwealth. He fortified these remarks by the practice of the Greeks and Romans, and the modern French republic; and concluded by proposing that hereafter, in that court, those barbarous usages should be abolished, and that both magistrates and juries should be addressed by the title of citizens, for they were nothing more, and which indeed, he added, was the most dignified of all titles.

A profound silence prevailed for some time after he sat down, and the court, then consisting of five members, looked around, and seemed to expect that, according to custom, other members of the bar would say something, either for or against the proposal. The fraternity however remain-

ed silent, (which some may regard as not the least remarkable part of the occurrence.) Some of them smiled, but the greater part, especially the younger members, gave signs of cordial approbation.

The court then consulted with one another; and one member openly expressed his unwillingness to the change. He said he was an enemy to innovation—and he had no idea of following the French in all their wild, new-fangled notions. Said he —“ By-and-by we must have the names of our counties changed, beginning with king George, and king William, and King and Queen, and coming down to Frederick, and Berkley, and Loudon, and all for what? to imitate the French, who I'm thinking will, in catching at the shadow, lose the substance of liberty. I am then for sticking to old customs, and old names, unless there is some real advantage in the change.” A majority of the court were of a different opinion; and one or two of the young attorneys immediately rose, and addressed motions to the court, for the

purpose of trying the new style of citizens justices. As soon as they sat down, the presiding magistrate, who was a fat, good-natured, heavy-looking man, formally promulgated from the bench, that hereafter the style of addressing the court and jury should be "citizens justices," "citizens of the jury," all others would be pleased to take notice.

A case was then called, and the sheriff was directed to summon a jury. He accordingly did so, from a written list, or pannel, which he held in his hand, and when about to direct them to go to the book to be sworn, he said—"Gentlemen of the jury—oh! I beg pardon of the court for calling the jury gentlemen."

This unintended hit, which was the happier as most of the jurors made but a sorry appearance, produced a peal of laughter from every part of the court-house, and threw such a ridicule over the proposition, that during the whole court, afterwards, it was observed that the lawyers managed so as to avoid both the new and the old style;



and at the succeeding court, by a silent and general concurrence, it fell into disuse, and might have passed into utter oblivion but for this authentic and circumstantial history. Gildon was highly amused with the incident, so suited to his laughter-loving humour, and in the cessation of business, which this merriment occasioned, took leave of his faithful advocate, as well as those whose acquaintance he had made the evening before, and set out with Edward for Beachwood, which they reached a little before dinner.

On his arrival there, Gildon was so delighted at finding himself again in the presence of his lovely mistress, that he could scarcely persuade himself he had been absent but a single day, and he looked forward with unaffected pain to the time which approached, when he must leave, probably for ever, the scene of such pure joy, and where he could find, but for one single consideration, such lasting happiness. These disagreeable reflections hung on his mind like a dark threatening.

cloud, in a sky elsewhere serene, to check his present bliss, and they became more painful when he learnt from Louisa, as he soon did, that she was to set off in a few days for Fredericksburg and the Northern Neck, on a visit of some months. He looked back on the few weeks he had passed at Beachwood, as on a pleasing dream, from which he had just been awaked; and when he retired to his pillow, his mind was so disturbed, that in spite of the fatigue of his ride, he passed an almost sleepless night.

## CHAPTER II.

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THE next day they all prepared to set out for the Elms. Gildon was very pressing for an interview with Louisa in the morning, for the purpose of persuading her to defer her visit to the lower country; or, if that was impossible, of obtaining her pro-

mise to write to him : but Mrs. Grayson had been so much influenced by the prudent counsel of Mr. Trueheart, that she afforded her daughter no opportunity of a private conversation. He flattered himself however that he should be more successful in the course of the day.

Mrs. Grayson said, that as she was soon to part with her daughter, she would accompany her to the Elms, especially as Mrs. Fawkner had complained of being neglected of late ; but without doubt, the wish to keep up the same course of maternal vigilance influenced her, and made her impose a task on herself, that was on more accounts than one truly painful. Edward, without examining into his mother's motives, was much pleased to hear of her intention, for it always delighted him to see the two beings he most loved on earth together ; and such was the purity and refined nature of his attachment, that he felt almost as much happiness in seeing his mother in company with Matilda, as he derived from her society him-

self, under the restrictions which circumstances had imposed upon him.

They reached the Elms at an earlier hour than usual, and found Matilda and her mother ready to receive them. Mrs. Fawkner was apparently glad to see them, but shewed a marked difference in her reception of Gildon and Edward, to the last of whom she was formal and reserved, except when chance afforded her an opportunity of saying something sarcastic or ill-natured. Matilda met her friends from Beachwood with her usual sweetness: she was overjoyed to see Mrs. Grayson again at the Elms, and kissed her so often, and embraced her so affectionately, that Mrs. Fawkner observed—"Why, Matilda, one would think that you had not seen Mrs. Grayson for a twelvemonth."

"Indeed, madam, it seems almost as long to me; I used to see you so often, you know," turning to Mrs. Grayson; "and I am so much obliged to you for coming early; it looks so like old times."

Mrs. Fawkner frowned a little at this

remark.—“Matilda, child,” she said, “you will fatigue Mrs. Grayson.—Come, madam, walk into the chamber, and rest yourself before dinner.—Mr. Gildon, you and Mr. Edward can amuse yourselves with the newspapers till the major returns from his ride; he has gone to see his new purchase, where he talks of building.—Come, madam,” motioning to the ladies, who walked on to her own bedroom.

Edward would have been more mortified at the chilling reception he met with from the mother, if certain sly looks and sweet smiles from the daughter had not afforded him ample consolation; as the comfortable fire of our hearth within doors makes us regardless of the bleak northwester which rages without; nay, we are the more sensible of our safe and snug situation within, by reason of the contrast.

Indeed, Matilda had made more unrestrained display of the kindness she felt towards every member of the Grayson family, on account of the change of sentiments on the part of her mother—a change

which she was sure they must observe, in spite of the restraints which the forms of politeness and the wish to save appearances imposed upon her mother. But the unaffected meekness and sweetness of Mrs. Grayson's behaviour were such, and they were accompanied moreover by so much real dignity, that it was impossible for any one long to feel ill-will towards her, or to treat her with disrespect.

"I wonder at your fortitude and self-denial, Grayson," said Gildon, after the ladies had left the room: "when I see so much beauty, and intelligence, and grace, so entirely devoted to you, I think the resolution you have rashly formed would be more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Gildon, whose mind had been occupied with the pain of a separation from Louisa ever since he had heard it, had some faint hope that if Edward would change his course, it might prevent, or at least delay, his sister's purposed visit.

"So far from it," replied Edward, "I

never see that heavenly face, but it animates and supports me in the sacrifice I am about to make. The devotion which fills one person with melancholy and gloom, exalts another to the highest pitch of enthusiasm."

"And yet," says Gildon, "every one would choose, I should suppose, to be near the shrine of his devotions."

"That ought to depend," said Edward, "upon where he can best serve the holy cause to which he has devoted himself. No!" he continued, "the hand that I offer Matilda shall be deemed by others, as well as by herself, worthy her acceptance. I know too well the efforts the occasion requires, but I am prepared to meet them."

Gildon, finding he had not been able to make any impression on Edward's purpose, and knowing the inflexibility of his temper, changed the subject, and observed, that as Edward would no doubt accompany his sister to Fredericksburg, he must prepare to take his leave, though he had not yet determined whither he should

bend his course, whether to the Springs or to New-York. But if he were to consult his own inclinations, he should attend them to Fredericksburg, provided there was no objection on the part of Miss Grayson or her friends.

“While there is any thing like uncertainty in the result of your attachment to Louisa, it should be made as little the subject of public observation and remark as possible. I am confident that my mother, and I should think my sister, would be decidedly opposed to your making one of her escort.”

“But I presume there would be no objection to my being at the races?” said Gildon.

“I should think not,” answered Edward, “provided you were not particular in your visits or attentions. On this condition, I can see no objection, except it may be imprudent in you both thus to encourage hopes that may never be realized.”

“My dear fellow,” said Gildon, “we



have already argued that matter: you have your own way, and you must let me have mine.—But here comes the major; and who is that dashing blade with such a well-dressed servant behind him?”

“I imagine,” said Edward, “it is the young South-Carolinian we have heard of.”

“I was told yesterday,” said Gildon, “he was on his way to the Springs, and comes to renew his visit to your sister I suppose.”

Major Fawcner now entered, and introduced Mr. Belmain, a young man of a slender figure and delicate and effeminate appearance, dressed in the extremity of the fashion, and wearing a pair of hussar boots, with large tassels dangling from the top—his hair turned up behind, and fastened with a small comb; one of that class who are viewed with a mixture of envy and contempt by the men, by great admiration by the women, and who are commonly designated by some cant appellation of the day. Then they were called Jemmy Jessamies, and at present dandies.

He was very volatile—had some natural generosity, which was almost choked by the weeds of vanity and selfishness that had been suffered to grow around it undisturbed; and a good genius, which had been so little improved that he was devoid of all information, except on matters of dress, fashion, and etiquette.

At the mention of Grayson's name he made a theatrical strut.—“The brother of Miss Grayson of Beachwood, I presume? I had often the honour of hearing your sister speak of you, sir. I hope she is well, and Mrs. Grayson? I should have done myself the honour to pay my respects this morning to the ladies, if I had not heard I should have the happiness of meeting them here,” taking out a fine cambrie handkerchief, whose perfume of double-distilled lavender filled the room.

“The ladies are now in the house, sir,” said Edward, “and are very well.”

“Ah! they have arrived, have they? Early, upon my honour! I became quite used to your early hours, sir, last summer,

when I had the honour of passing some time in Virginia.—Four is our hour in South-Carolina.”

“You are not before us in every thing I see,” said Gildon, who felt not what precisely amounted to jealousy, but an irresistible desire to amuse himself at his expence.

“Oh, sir,” said Belmain, “we yield to the old dominion in most things;” but with an air that shewed how little his opinion agreed with his words.

The major gave the young gentleman a cordial welcome, and Edward thought there was a warmth and a kindness in his manner towards himself, which he had not experienced for a long time before. He told them he had returned a day or two previous from the western parts of the state, where he had been attending a large survey of lands on the Kenahwa, and with the fertility of which he seemed greatly pleased. He spoke of the rapid growth of the western country—and thought if the citizens of the United States

could ever secure to themselves the right of deposite at New-Orleans, free from molestation or duty from Spain, there would in less than a century be an immense population, and a very active trade on the Mississippi. He did not know a mode in which money could be so advantageously used; and he wondered that more capital from New-York did not take that direction.—Gildon thought their lands could never be valuable without the benefits of commerce and navigation, which the strong current of the Mississippi would prevent their ever enjoying.—Edward agreed that they might not be very rich, but thought they might continue to increase in numbers, and that they could, by sending horses, cattle, and hogs, into the Atlantic states, procure as much money as their circumstances required, with most of the comforts, and even some of the luxuries of life. He reminded them, that cattle constituted the first medium of exchange with the Romans (whence their money was called pecunia), and he be-

lieved they now formed the chief instrument of commerce in the Western Country—the merchants receiving cattle in exchange for their goods, until they procured a number sufficient to make a drove.

The South Carolinian, finding this conversation very dull, walked up to one of the prints, humming a new tune, and at length inquired who was for the Springs? —“ I hope, sir,” addressing himself to Edward, “ Miss Grayson will honour them with her presence ?”

“ My sister, sir, intends to go to Stafford in a few days.”

“ Ah, I am very sorry for that, upon my honour !”

In this miscellaneous chitchat an hour or more passed away before the rest of the company arrived, when they beheld a large cavalcade coming down the avenue of aged elms, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Buckley in a handsome chariot, with a splendid new hammer-cloth, and a servant in livery behind ; the Miss Buck-

leys in a plain neat carriage, drawn by two large fat horses; and some distance behind, Mr. M'Culloch and Mrs. M'Culloch in a rickety reddish-coloured coach, with the curtains torn, rattling and clattering like a mill-hopper, and drawn by two horses differing in colour, height, and form, and agreeing only in being very poor, and in their unwillingness to quicken their pace in time to overtake the other carriages before they reached the outer gate. But the frequent lashes from the vigorous arm of Jack Martin, Mr. M'Culloch's *factotum*, were unavailing to this end; and poor Jack felt like the gallant captain of some dull sailing frigate, who seeing all the rest of the fleet getting into action before him, while he is toiling in vain to join the brave squadron in the van, fears his own character will be called in question by the tardiness of the ship. He finally reached the place of deposit, to the great relief of all parties concerned, as well those who were in the vehicle as those who were compelled to draw it, when Ed-

ward and the major came up to hand out Mrs. M'Culloch, and Miss Tabb, her niece.

By this time old M'Culloch himself arrived, and bellowed out—"Why, Jack, what has come to you, driving at such a Jehu rate? I could not keep up with you. Take it coolly, man; don't push your nags this weather;" and certainly the condition of the poor animals dripping with sweat, and tottering with weakness, shewed that their powers had been put to a severe test.

The ladies were all ushered into Mrs. Fawcner's bedroom, and the gentlemen into the parlour, where M'Culloch's arrival infused new life in the party. The ladies made their appearance in the parlour before dinner, seated around with great primness, and they would have been very dull but for the independent, careless humour of old M'Culloch, who occasionally said something that diverted the whole company; and on whom their eyes were generally turned with the expecta-

tion of hearing something diverting, good-humoured, or blunt.—“ They tell me, my little Lily,” said he, addressing himself to Louisa, “ that you are going to leave your native valley—pray how long will you stay ?”

“ I do not certainly know, sir ; perhaps I shall pass the winter below.”

“ That depends upon circumstances I suppose,” said he winking and chuckling.

Louisa blushed.—“ It depends upon mamma’s wishes,” she said.

“ I am glad to hear, however, you do not mean to leave the state.”

She blushed more deeply, and Mrs. M’Culloch, who sat by her, and whose quicker perceptions saw that the conversation was, for some reason, particularly unacceptable, mildly said—“ You are such a favourite with Mr. M’Culloch, that he never likes to hear of your going down the country.” Then turning to her husband, she added—“ How can you tease her so ?”

“ See there,” said he to Louisa, “ the



old lady's jealous, I must hush." And turning to Matilda—"Pray, my little stag-eyes, where do you go this summer?"

"I stay at home," she replied.

"Yes, Mr. M'Culloch," said Mrs. Fawcner, "home is the best place for young people these hard times; but I have had some notion of taking Matilda to Bath, if the major would get me an additional pair of horses, as he has been talking of; but he is always buying land, land—I am sick of so much land.—Are you going to trust Louisa with two?" to Mrs. Grayson.

"I never mean to keep more than a pair again," said the other.

"What do you say, Mr. Gildon, would you not like an excursion to Bath?"

"It would give me great pleasure, madam, if I was not compelled to bend my course in another direction."

"Do you return to New-York?"

"Not immediately, madam, as I now think."

"I suppose you would have no objection, Mr. Belmain?"

"It would delight me to make one of the party, madam.—Suppose, Miss Grayson, you alter your course, and visit Bath before you go to Stafford—you will make some charming acquaintance there. I know several very agreeable people from South-Carolina, Baltimore, and Alexandria, who intend to go to Bath this season."

"Her cousin expects her," said Mrs. Grayson, "in Stafford, or I should have no objection to her going to Bath, or any other of the springs, in company with Matilda."

Dinner was now announced, and Mrs. Fawcner, ever on the alert to further her purpose, said—"Come, Mr. Gildon, hand one of the ladies," pointing to where Matilda and Peggy Buckley sat.

He accordingly selected Matilda, while M'Culloch took the hand of the other, saying—"Let us little people go together."

"Mr. Grayson, Mrs. Browne is by you," continued the lady of the house, thus endeavouring to separate Edward from Matilda at table.

But Belmain exclaimed to Louise and Fanny Buckley—"I protest, ladies, you must allow me to part you—it is quite too cruel."

"I think it is rather barbarous," said Gilden, and moved down between the young ladies.

Edward, who had hesitated to place himself according to his inclination, from the fear of some rebuff, which he regarded more on Matilda's account than his own, now said—"Allow me to follow so good an example," and moved up to the chair between Matilda and the elder Miss Buckley, before Mrs. Fawcner had time to practise any new left-handed manœuvre.

As however that lady had made an extraordinary effort at display to-day, and her thoughts were necessarily occupied in attending to her company, she did not manifest her avowed impatience at being foiled.

The table groined with a profusion of meats and vegetables; and all their plate, cut glass, and china, were exhibited, even

to the smallest article. But it was in the dessert that her chief art and skill had been expended; there custards and syllabubs, trifles and floating islands, and tarts, and puddings, and jellies, and sweatmeats, set out in a handsome service of cut glass, distracted the choice with the variety, and gratified her pride of wealth as well as of housewifery.

Edward, happy in being placed by the side of Matilda, and fearful of rousing her mother's displeasure, ventured to speak to her only on general subjects; and so divided his attentions between Matilda and Miss Margaret, that a careless observer would have supposed he regarded them with equal interest; but a practised eye might have seen that when he spoke to Miss Buckley, his manner was more hurried, and at the same time more scrupulously polite, but that his air was more serious when addressing Miss Fawcner.

"Is it true," said Matilda, "that you do not return to Frederick with Louisa?"

"I think I shall not," said he. "I wish

to have an opportunity of consulting with my friends before I set out.—Do, Miss Buckley, let me help you to an ice cream.”

“Have you an ice-house yet, madam?” said Mrs. Fawkner to Mrs. Grayson; “I wonder how you do without one—they are so convenient.”

“I have never been accustomed to the convenience,” said Mrs. Grayson.

“Positively, I had as lieve be without a smoke-house,” said Mrs. Fawkner.

“Oh, they must be so fine for milk and butter!” said Mrs. Buckley; “my sister Browne says every family in Alexandria is supplied with ice at three cents a pound.”

“Well, give me a good spring-house,” said M’Culloch, “with the old lady there to scold the dairy-maids, and I’d wish for nothing cooler. Every thing in season. There’s a time for all things, as the wise man says; and I care as little for ice in summer as for cucumbers in winter.—Mrs. Grayson, shall I join you in a glass of wine? that is always in season.”

Gildon was pretty well occupied with the little compliments and expressions of tenderness with which he would dexterously contrive to address Louisa, and with parrying the questions and good-natured fiddle-faddle of Fanny Buckley.

"Oh, Mr. Gildon, I heard such a piece of news—that Frederick is to lose one of its greatest belles."

"What! are you going to be married?" said he.

The lady gave one of her good-humoured titters, and said—"You are such an odd man, Mr. Gildon—you know what I mean."

"Sometimes I am so fortunate, ma'am," said he. But as her habitual laugh was not so hearty as before, he promptly added—"Shall I have the honour of a glass of wine, madam? That young gentleman looks this way very often—I verily think, Miss Fanny, you've made a conquest; he is a great admirer of new fashions."

"Louisa," said she, leaning a little back,

"you never told me how you like the pattern that aunt Browne brought up."

"I never saw it," said Louisa heedlessly.

"This is one I am wearing. Do you approve of it?"

"Oh! very much; it is very becoming."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say so—you have so good a taste. But Mr. Gildon's mistaken; that young gentleman is looking towards another person," winking significantly to Louisa; "they say he is immensely rich; but I don't think him handsome; he has such a finical look."

All this while young Belmain, who, by the dexterous retreat of Gildon, had been placed between Mrs. Buckley and Mrs. Browne, and was the only one who had not profited by his own suggestion, sat throwing his eyes across the table, envying the happiness of Gildon, and lamenting that he had no opportunity of shewing his self-importance, by reason of the unceasing garrulity of Mrs. Buckley. That good lady had been giving him minute details of her household, the notable qualities of

her daughters, the oracular decisions of her sister Browne, and some of her arguments on family matters with Mr. Buckley, till he fairly wished the whole family at Jericho. It was in vain that he endeavoured to break the thread of her discourse, by asking for the honour of drinking wine with every body at table; no spider was ever more nimble and dexterous at closing up a breach in his web.—“And so, sir, as I was telling you, sister Browne said to me, or said to Mr. Buckley——” He at length put on such a half-beseeching, half-despairing look, that he afforded infinite amusement to Gildon, who also contrived to make Louisa partake of his sly pastime. But, saving this mortified gallant and Mrs. Fawkner, when her eye, glaring around the table, lighted upon Edward, speaking with a pensive air to Matilda, who was listening with evident interest and pleasure, it may be safely said that there was not a more pleased or joyous company that day in all Virginia.

The ladies rose from table soon after



the cloth was removed, and the gentlemen, at least the seniors, appeared disposed to do honour to their guest's wine, which was the best that Alexandria could afford, and they had the benefit of ice, rather a rare luxury at that time. The skill which each of the guests happened to possess on this fertile theme was first brought forth. They then conversed on different topics of farming, which appeared to Gildon to be inexhaustible; but in which he was able to bear little part. The wonders of plaster—the benefits of deep ploughing—the remedies for the Hessian fly—the best plan of a thrashing machine—of curing clover—of saving its seed—the various species of meadow grasses, and the advantages and peculiarities of the May wheat (then first getting into use), all were discussed in succession, and furnished two sides, and sometimes more, to an argument.

At length the merits of a plough, which Mr. Jefferson had lately recommended, being mentioned, the conversation seem-

ed immediately about to become political; when M'Gulloch, who saw that Edward was prepared to accept the defiance which he had unwarily thrown down, and remembering their former altercation, said—  
“Now when I was of your age, lads, I should as soon have thought of making my will, as of staying so long with a parcel of greybeards when there were pretty lasses in the house. But ye are a degenerate race, and I will not own you for Virginians; much less for mountaineers.”

Gildon and Edward, who had been some time watching for an opportunity of stealing away, immediately profited by the hint, and rose from the table; and Belmain, who had been in purgatory all day, since he could neither make love nor talk of himself, was little less pleased at the release than they.—“I have been most delectably entertained, upon my honour,” said he, “with my sister Browne, and my daughter Margaret; and how happily too we were located!”

“It is no uncommon thing,” replied

Gildon, "for those who introduce great improvements to reap the least benefit from them."

They found the elder ladies in the drawing-room, and the younger in the portico or the garden. Edward caught a glimpse of Matilda, sitting in her little bower with his sister, and he felt a strong impulse to join them, but the presence and ever-watchful eye of Mrs. Fawcner restrained him. Matilda had probably somewhat of the same apprehension, as they soon returned to the house.

Miss Fanny Buckley had proposed to take a walk by a public road running along the bank of the river, for the purpose of visiting the seat of a French gentleman about two miles above the Elms, the taste and expence of whose improvements had become the subject of general conversation in the neighbourhood, and consequently of exaggerated description. Mrs. Fawcner objected to the length of the walk, and the dampness of the ground, for it had rained the evening before, and

Mrs. Grayson also discouraged it; but finding that the young people promised themselves so much pleasure from the visit, she ceased to make further objection, and finally became an advocate for it.

They accordingly had on their bonnets and gipsy hats in a trice, and set off; the party consisting of five young ladies, the two Misses Buckley, Louisa, Matilda, and Miss Tabb, escorted by Gildon, Edward, Belmain, and Frank M'Culloch. Belmain, who seemed determined to make up for the time he had lost at the dinner-table, stuck close to the side of Louisa, whose good-breeding and natural sweetness of disposition were thus put severely to the test. Anticipating rivalry, he had been very prompt in offering his arm to Louisa, and Gildon had, on his part, been restrained, by way of giving an earnest of his forbearance and self-command, and of shewing that he was not unmindful of his promise to Edward. He therefore made a virtue of necessity; and seeing that Edward and Matilda kept at a dis-

tance from each other, he offered his assistance to the latter. The younger Miss Buckley, who was greatly attached to Louisa, and did not like her company the less for being attended by a gay and fashionable young man, put herself in such a situation that Belmain was obliged to ask her acceptance of his other arm. Edward walked with Miss Peggy Buckley, the least attractive of the company, and Frank M'Culloch with his lively hoydenish cousin, whose free and frolicsome humour seemed to have made a strong impression on him.

It was about six o'clock on a fine summer evening, at the latter end of August, when the heat of the season and of the day had so abated, that one could not pronounce the temperature too hot or too cold. The road ran along, and we presume still does, the banks of the river, on a black sandy soil, which is neither miry in winter nor dusty in summer, but is at once level, smooth, and firm, and is for the most part defended from the rays of

the midday sun by the sycamore, birch, walnut, and elm, growing luxuriantly along the banks of the river, and on the borders of the fence that encloses the flat lands. Sometimes the hills approach so near the river as to have made it necessary to cut out the road, and in these places it is somewhat rough and stony—they serve however as marks to divide the distance in one's mind, and to make one more sensible of the goodness of the other parts of the road. The order of the line of march was not exactly such as some of the party would have chosen, but they were within sight and hearing of the objects of their affection, and they all enjoyed the mildness of the evening, the beauty of the scenery, and the sweet murmur of the river, then very low, but clear as rock crystal, and reflecting the rays of the declining sun through the thick foliage of the trees and the vines on the bank.

When they reached the place they set out to visit, those who had seen it before found it indeed greatly improved and em-

delished, but far short of that spot of fairy enchantment and costly decoration which their youthful fancies had depicted. It was however really a pretty place; and although the improvements would not rank very high with those who have seen the beautiful and finished pleasure-grounds of Europe, yet art had here been sufficiently successful in embellishing nature, without disguising her, to make it seem a very pleasant spot to any taste however fastidious, and to excite great admiration with the inexperienced. The proprietor happened then to be absent on a trip to the north, and the servants, according to the directions they had received, very civilly asked the ladies and gentlemen to walk into the house, as well as to view the grounds.

A long piazza, overlooking the river, runs from one end of the building to the other, and here the party sat to rest themselves from the fatigues of their walk, and from the eminence on which the house stood, to view the tasteful improvements

that had been finished, or were then in execution, as well as the more magnificent beauties of nature, in the woody mountain before them, stretching away to the south-west, until its dark sides, growing of a lighter and lighter hue, melted into a pale bluish grey, and in the lovely Shenandoah, washing the base of the blue ridge, and bearing its limpid waters in a gentle stream to mingle with those of the Potomac.

A very civil swarthy old Frenchman, dressed in clothes that were neat and clean, but quite threadbare, with his long hair queued behind, was foremost in doing the honours of the place. He took particular pains in shewing the young folks his flowers, among which were some rare exotics. Most of the company, impatient to see all that was new and curious, flew from bower to parterre—from the summerhouse to the greenhouse—or looked at the pictures, or prints, or casts, or new and stylish furniture of the mansion. Matilda and Louisa seemed inclined to with-



draw from the rest of the company, which they found not very easy, as Belmain, elated with his past success, and nothing checked by the coldness of Louisa, which was more than counteracted by the ever ready civility and compliments of Fanny Buckley; still insisted on being at her side. But Gildon perceiving this, observed that the ladies had probably much to say to each other, as they were so soon to part, and taking him by the arm, half forced him to look at a fish-pond, made in a little brook that emptied itself into the river about two hundred yards from the house.

Edward then joined them privately, and said to Gildon—"Would it be possible for me to have ten minutes' conversation with Matilda without attracting observation?"

"Certainly," said Gildon, "you can go in pursuit of your sister; who is with her, and she can keep sentinel at the door of the summerhouse; while you and Miss Fawcner are within; or I can pretend to have discovered some new wonder in this

Elysium, and in their eagerness to see it, they will never perceive that you are absent; and when they return, they will of course conclude that Miss Fawcner is examining some of the old citizen's curious flowers."

"Well, I will mention it to my sister, who can propose it to Matilda; but I much question if she will consent, she is so averse to every thing like artifice."

The proposal was accordingly made to Matilda, who immediately said—"My dear Louisa, you know my sentiments towards your brother; I have never disguised them even from him; but I feel great repugnance to any interview with him against the knowledge of my parents, and at this time it would have too much the air of trick and management. I may sometimes be disobedient to them—I fear I am so too often; but I will not deceive them. Tell your brother to ride down to the Elms some morning before he leaves Frederick; I will mention to my mother that he wishes to converse privately with

me, and she will, when thus consulted, probably consent: but if she objects, I will then determine whether we had better communicate our sentiments by letter."

Louisa made a faint endeavour to change her purpose, but knowing her inflexibility, soon desisted. She returned to her brother with Matilda's answer, and he immediately expressed as much surprise and indignant complaint, as if he had entertained no doubt of her compliance.

"Yes, I see how it is," said he; "Matilda is already cooled in her affection, or she would never have refused so reasonable a request.—Did you intimate to her my purpose?" addressing himself to Louisa.

"I did; and she entirely approves it. She said if any thing could exalt you in her eyes, it would have been such an act of selfdenial and disinterestedness: indeed, brother, you do Matilda injustice; she really loves you, and her attachment is now stronger than ever."

"But this is such refined and fastidious

prudence," said he; "such scrupulous caution is inconsistent with that warmth which genuine love inspires."

He thus went on, with the inconsistency of vehement tempers under the influence of disappointment, imputing her refusal to any thing rather than the same sense of self-respect which supported him in the course he himself was taking.

Louisa, moved by the distress which her brother seemed to suffer, and thinking moreover that there was something of prudery in Matilda's scruples, good-naturally promised that she would still endeavour to procure him an interview. She mentioned the matter to Fanny Buckley, to whom she confided all secrets but her own, and many of those too, when that good-natured damsel very promptly agreed that it was a most unreasonable, cruel, and ridiculous refusal on the part of Matilda, and insisted that they should contrive Edward an opportunity of conversing with her on their way home, if not before.

Edward, in the mean while gloomy and vexed, and disappointed, sauntered about the garden by himself, and withdrew from the rest of the company, though he endeavoured to make it appear the effect of accident. Matilda was distressed at the refusal she had been obliged to give, and when she saw him apparently musing and abstracted, when she recollected how different his situation and feelings now were from what they had been the year before, and that he was, under the pressure of the change, about to exile himself from his family and friends, she felt for him most keenly, and almost relented. She however maintained her resolution, though she did not withhold her pity, and in her lively sympathy could not refrain from tears. Taking Louisa's arm, she endeavoured to approach him, but he still avoided them. When being near her, he turned off, she called aloud—"Mr. Grayson," and offering him a sprig of mignonette, said in a whisper, "Edward, if you could

read my heart, you would pity rather than blame me."

Edward was greatly moved at this proof of tenderness and humility, and was mortified at the part he had acted.—“Forgive me, Matilda,” said he, “I have been unreasonable;” upon which she held out her hand, and smiling through the tears which she had not been able to conceal, she proposed to join the rest of the party who were examining a small obelisk, in a retired part of the garden, surrounded by cypress and yew, and which the proprietor had erected to the memory of his deceased wife.

By the time the party had run over the garden and surrounding grounds, and surveyed all the improvements, finished or unfinished, the sun had sunk behind the western hills, and warned them it was time to return. As they were preparing to set out, monsieur La Porte insisted on their doing him the honour of tasting one of his cantelope melons, which they could not refuse, and he further begged Matilda,

who had shewn herself most of a florist, to accept a bouquet of the choicest flowers he had then in bloom. They then took their leave, having, with some hesitation, prevailed on him to accept a small gratification for his attention.

When about to return to the Elms, Gildon made some overture to assist Louisa; but on Belmain also claiming his right, she said—"Excuse me, gentlemen, Miss Fawkner must be my beau this evening;" and Belmain, finding his entreaties unavailing, proposed to take charge of Miss Fanny Buckley; but she, having another object in view, had put herself under the protection of Edward.

Frank M'Culloch and his cousin had started off at the first talk of returning, saying—"We shall all be in the night, and father is a spluttering mightily before this."

Mr. Belmain was not a little piqued to find himself thus excluded, and seemed about to walk by himself, when Miss

Fanny, who always hated to give offence, particularly to so fashionable a gentleman, said—"Sister, I transfer my beau to you, while I am talking secrets with Miss Grayson;" upon which Miss Peggy smiled, and appearing nothing loath, he was forced to offer his assistance, saying—"Madam, shall I have the honour?"—but shewing by his manner that he thought he was conferring one.

Gildon, unable to have Louisa's society, at first strolled sullenly on by himself; but soon sought to gratify his taste for the ludicrous, by joining Miss Peggy and the South-Carolinian. Matilda and Louisa brought up the rear. The former, who was not so occupied with her own distresses as to be indifferent to the concerns of her friend, inquired of Louisa of her prospects with her lover; and when she understood the actual state of things, she recommended to her friend the greatest circumspection in her conduct, and urged her to object to Gildon's attending her at the races.—"If he was sincere in his at-



tachment," she observed, "and was worthy of her affection, as she trusted he was, such discretion would but exalt her in his eyes, and stimulate him in his efforts to procure the consent of his father; and if any thing should happen——"

"Oh, do not mention it, Matilda! my imagination turns from that picture with horror. I must hope for the best, and I more and more feel that in such a state of things, I should certainly lose my reason."

"There are events in life, my dear Louisa, to meet which we have need of all our fortitude. Recollect what you owe your excellent mother——what you owe to yourself. Accustom yourself, moreover, to contemplate what is disagreeable sometimes; since they who only look to the bright side of things, lay up for themselves a good store of disappointment, Heaven knows!" and the sigh that escaped her, on recollecting how different were her feelings when they last conversed on her then happy love, and unclouded prospects,

reminded Louisa that she was not the only one who needed sympathy.

Remembering then her promise to Edward, Louisa again interceded with Matilda to grant him an interview that evening; when Fanny Buckley, turning suddenly round, according to an ingenious scheme she had been some time planning, insisted that Matilda should not monopolize Louisa Grayson any longer; that she would make her as grave and serious as she was herself.—“Only see now,” said she, looking under Louisa’s gipsy, “if she has not been crying.—I shall leave you, Mr. Grayson,” disengaging herself from his arm, “and try to raise your sister’s spirits. Matilda, I cannot let you have Louisa altogether to yourself, when she is to leave us next week;” and, as she spoke, seized on the unresisting Louisa as a kite seizes on a chicken, and bore her off in triumph. Nor was it until Edward, seeing Matilda alone, said—“He hoped she would not now object to accept his assistance,” that she suspected the whole

to be a piece of contrivance of the accommodating Miss Buckley.

Matilda thought it would look like prudery and affectation to make further resistance, when her resolutions of prudence and propriety were thus frustrated, and she yielded to the necessity with a good grace—with more pleasure, indeed, than she was willing to allow, even to herself. At first she kept close to the two young ladies, in spite of Edward's gentle endeavours to detain her, and of their quickened pace. But as her lover's conversation became more animated, and he spoke with greater feeling, their gait insensibly slackened, and ere they had proceeded a mile, they were more than a quarter behind.

After renewing those professions which lovers are never tired of making or hearing, he proceeded to detail to her the particulars of his several plans of qualifying himself for the bar, of settling his father's estate, and of providing an asylum for his mother and sister. He spoke of his anxiety:

about Louisa, as he had doubts about the firmness and the prudence both of Gildon and his sister, whose sanguine and enthusiastic temper, if longer indulged, would render a disappointment worse than death — which opinion Matilda confirmed, and urged him to insist on Gildon's immediate return to New-York, that absence and her own prudent counsels might restore her mind to its proper tone. He then obtained a promise from her to write to him, though she refused to carry on any correspondence which she should find it necessary to conceal from her family.

By this time they had reached a part of the road where the hill juts in towards the river, and at once limits the dominion of major Fawknor and the view of the road from the Elms; when the young ladies who were before stopped to wait for the lovers, who, in the interesting conversation they had carried on, had not perceived that they were very far behind the rest, and that it was past sunset. Matilda now began to fear she should incur the dis-

pleasure of her mother, and what she hated still more, be suspected of management; but she thought she could not quit the arm of Edward, without giving some colour to the suspicion.

Fanny Buckley, however, soon relieved her from her difficulties, for when they came up, she said—"Well, Matilda, as you have been a good girl, and have purposely kept back until Louisa and I have talked all our secrets, I will now give her up to you, and take my beau again," thrusting her arm into Edward's.

Matilda smiled, saying—"Go on, Fanny Buckley—you are an odd girl;" and gently disengaging herself from Edward, took Louisa by the arm and followed on.

They now quickened their pace, and saw Frank M'Culloch and his cousin going into the house, and Belmain, with Miss Buckley and Gildon, near the gate, walking slowly and looking behind.

When they reached the Elms, the carriages were drawn up at the gate, and

waiting for orders to drive in, Mrs. Browne's showy equipage in the van, and M'Culloch's modestly hanging back in the rear.

"Why, Bess, you baggage, where have you been for this hour?" said he to Miss Tabb—"you have kept your aunt waiting till she is out of all patience—and her beasts are not like your town-pampered jades.—I make every thing work with me, Mrs. Browne.—Jack Martin, as the other ladies an't ready, drive up."

"How, Mr. M'Culloch!" said his wife, with more quickness than usual, though still with meekness—"Don't be in such a hurry, Jack, I say!" raising her voice.—"Would you have me," said his helpmate, a little more animated than before, "go without taking leave of Matilda?"

"Pshaw, wife! you will be an hour taking leave, and the moon will be down before you get home.—Jack Martin!" calling with the voice of Stentor—"that fellow always likes to go in a crowd."

"Mr. M'Culloch," said Mrs. M'Culloch,

with a more beseeching earnestness, the efficacy of which she had no doubt often experienced before, "do let me take leave of Louisa before she goes down the country: I shall have no chance of seeing her again."

"Ah, my lily of the valley!—why, I want to shake her by the hand, and give her a piece of advice myself."

By this time Jack Martin, who had disregarded the first commands of his master, no longer having the pretext of not hearing, was by a few flourishes of his whip, and some sly cuts, which he endeavoured to make effectual with as little noise as possible, endeavouring to take the post of honour, when M'Culloch called out—"You may wait, Jack; your mistress isn't ready yet;" a command which the horses seemed to understand quite as well as their driver, for they did not move an inch from the spot.

"You see, madam," turning to Mrs. Browne, who stood foremost in the party, "the ladies will always have their way."

"I wish," said she, "I could get Mrs. McCulloch to give me a lesson."

"Some have the art, my dear, of ruling and never seeming to rule," said Mr. Browne.

"Thank you, my dear," replied Mrs. Browne.—"You call it three miles to Mr. Buckley's, I think, madam," turning to Mrs. Fawcner, who stood looking down towards the gate, apparently so much abstracted as to give no attention to what was passing around her.

"Madam, I beg pardon. Yes, madam, it is two miles—long miles I always think them. It is so imprudent in these girls to stay out so late on the river bank—Matilda already has a cold."

The second party now came up.

"And what has become of Matilda and Louisa?" and she had liked to have said, Edward.

"Oh, they walked so slow we were tired of waiting for them," said Miss Peggy; "but Mr. Belnain is almost as slow a walker as they."



"I endeavoured to support you, madam," said he, "as well as I was able," laughing.

"Girls are so thoughtless and imprudent!" said Mrs. Fawcner. "The show has already begun to fall."

"They will soon be here," said Mrs. Grayson; and just as she spoke the tall, slender figure of Edward was seen walking with the younger Miss Buckley, who was known by the lowness and rotundity of her form.

"Here they come," said M'Culloch, "after all the world like a great I and little o—but where are my little blossoms, my lily and my rose of Sharon? Oh! I see them now."

Mrs. Fawcner said, in a tone of more good humour than she had manifested for some time before—"Matilda and Louise will always be the last of all—they have so much to say when they meet——"

"I will order your carriage up, madam," said M'Culloch to Mrs. Browne.

"Do, if you please, sir," said Mrs.

Buckley, who having hauled major Fawcner in a corner, had been giving him a detail of her manner of making cream-cheese.

Gildon said—"I will go and hurry the young ladies;" and springing off the steps, ran to meet them.

Belmain was disposed to follow his example, but could not break off the conversation in which he was engaged with Mrs. Browne, on what were the most fashionable riding carriages, in which it so happened that his description coincided with nothing then at the gate, in form, colour, or style of decoration—to the evident chagrin of Mrs. Browne, who had been deriving no small consequence from the superiority of her equipage to all around her.

"We are plain people in Virginia, sir," said she, endeavouring to disguise her pique under an assumed air of indifference; "we merely make use of carriages as things of convenience. If they are strong and neat, it is all I require," glancing her eyes towards her own showy chariot, whose saucy mulatto driver, from his ele-

vated seat, was looking with the same contempt on the humbler vehicles near him, as a young officer on a parcel of ragged recruits, and whose elegant bays were champng their bits, and pawing the ground, with impatience to start.

"True, madam," said M'Culloch, "it is all vanity and vexation of spirit—as I tell the little woman there, when she wants to make a show."

"Show, indeed!" said his gentle rib with a smile—"if I can get along, it is all I wish."

By this time the ladies and their escort had arrived, and the usual courtesies were observed on taking leave. But M'Culloch shook Louisa very cordially by the hand, and said—"Take care of yourself, my sweet girl; don't let any of the Tuckahoes run away with your heart, until you are sure they deserve it;" thereby meaning to give her a hint respecting Gildon, whom it began now to be generally understood was addressing Louisa, avowedly against the wishes of his father—"and come back

to us soon, the same little fresh and sweet floweret as ever;" again shaking her hand and giving her lips a smack, while a tear, had it not been twilight, might have been seen in his eye. Matilda pressed Mrs. Grayson to let Louisa stay that evening, and she finally consented.

The rest of the party then rode off, generally taking precedence according to the dignity of the equipage, except that Mrs. Grayson, having but a short distance to go and a good road along the river, compelled Phill reluctantly to take the rear, though, but for that, he would have contended with Mrs. Browne's driver himself for precedence. He had been accustomed to attach to his master's family some vague notion of superiority, compounded of fortune, and style of living, and rank, which right of precedence he had always asserted, and it had been commonly yielded, until the growing wealth and ostentation of the Fawkners had contested the point with him. Belmain accepted the proffered hospitality of the Elms the more readily, as

Louisa was to remain there, and in doing so, found some amends for the penance he had undergone during the day. Edward returned with a heart disburdened of half the load of care that had oppressed it, and he relished, more than he had done some time before, the humorous account Gildon gave of his dialogue with Miss Fanny,—and the caustic satire with which he ridiculed the fopperies of the rice-bird, as he called Belmain. They reached their quiet mansion as the new moon sunk behind the hill to the west; and both were buoyed up with the hope of seeing their charmingers the next day, as Edward had now a sufficient pretext for returning to accompany his sister home. Mrs. Fawcner, exhausted with her exertions, and still there her anxiety to make a display worthy of her imaginary consequence, retired early, and the young ladies, for the sake of being together, and of ridding themselves of young Belmain's fulsome adulation and incessant egotism, followed her example, while the major and his young guest were

left to pass a dull drowsy evening by themselves.

### CHAPTER III.

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THE next day Edward and Gildon rode over to the Elms, to accompany Louisa home. They found the young people assembled in the drawing-room, where Belmain, who was a good performer on the flute, was accompanying Matilda and Louisa on the piano. He seemed to be in high spirits, and met Gildon with rather a triumphant air.

"The ladies say they have not had so fine a concert this many a day."

"There was a sweet concord of opinion with the whole party then, no doubt," said Gildon with a sneer.

"Mr. Belmain," said Louisa, "is a charming player indeed: would you not like to hear him, brother?"

“Certainly, if Mr. Belmain will so far oblige us,” replied Edward; and taking up a song of great tenderness, which Matilda had often sung to him, he requested his sister to play it. The words so well accorded with Louisa’s feelings and situation that she was greatly pleased, and expressed her delight with her usual warmth.

“Is it not a sweet thing?” said she, turning to Gildon, who convinced as he was of the undivided affection of Louisa, yet felt pain in hearing her praise another, and express pleasure from his performance—and he felt it the more as that other was her undoubted admirer.

“It is like other love-ditties,” said he coldly.

“You are not a performer I believe, sir,” said Belmain.

“I am sorry you do not play,” said Louisa, who at the moment felt a slight regret that they did not have a sympathy in every thing.

“I should be very happy indeed, Miss Grayson,” said he formally, “if I could do

any thing which could afford you as much gratification as that music seems to have given you."

She cast on him a look of tender reproach, and began to suspect the truth, that he thought she was playing the coquette. She soon rose from the instrument, and sat down, mortified and hurt at the unjust suspicion; while Belmain, not understanding from this short dialogue more than met the ear, was shewing, by all the quavers and shakes he was master of, how well he was entitled to the encomiums he had received. After a few minutes of awkward silence, Louisa proposed to Matilda to visit her bower, and take a last look at it for the present year. They both withdrew, and Belmain, who was soon tired of being in one place, and never continued long in the same house, the same room, or the same part of the room if he could help it, went out, and in a little while his servant, an ill-favoured black boy, very showily dressed, came in and told him the phaeton was ready, upon



which he said he was going to pay his respects to the ladies at Mrs. Buckley's, and added—"I want to make my peace with Mrs. Browne, who I quizzed a little last evening about her carriage, which she thinks is the tip of the mode; but I'll make up for it to-day. The young ladies, though a little in the Dutch style of beauty, seem to be women of sense and good taste—don't you think so?"

"I thought," said Gildon, "you seemed to their taste."

"Oh, sir, you flatter me. But I am off, *au revoir, citoyens.*" As he drove off, he spied the ladies in the garden, and, kissing his hand, most reverently bowed, and pushed through the avenue at as brisk a trot as his horses could carry him.

Gildon, looking over the garden pales, said—"Ladies, would you admit two of your humble followers to approach your bower, though they are not able to entertain you with music?"

"Certainly," said Matilda; "open the gate and come in."

The permission was no sooner given than accepted, and the youths were within the little bower in a twinkling.

Gildon, going up to Louisa, gaily said—"I had no idea that rice-birds were so musical."

"I suppose you mean Mr. Belmain; he performs very agreeably."

"I think you seemed to admire him very much," said he.

"You rather overrate my admiration, which was caused still more by the words than the air, though I found myself affected by both, when I recollected how soon I was to part with all I hold dear;" and her heart was filled.

"I wonder, Louisa, you can consent to go when the idea seems so to distress you," said Gildon, who had ventured to take hold of her hand as he spoke.

In the mean while Edward had seated himself by Matilda, at the opposite corner, and began a conversation, which would have been heard, if any but lovers had been present.—"How often," said he,

"has this enchanting spot been present to my mind, in some of its pleasing day-dreams! and when shall I see it again with the same careless gaiety of heart as formerly? Don't you remember that sweet-brier, which in helping to set out gave you a scratch on your arm?"

"I have your impromptu now."

"Yes," says she, "and I believe I have your impromptu now with me," drawing out a little pocketbook, from which she took a paper containing the following lines:

"Of Love's mishaps too sure I fear,  
All soon or late complain;  
And as each rose its thorn must wear,  
Each pleasure has its pain."

Underneath Matilda seemed to have recently written, "Alas! that which I once regarded as a mere poetic fancy, every day proves to be a sad reality."

"And yet," said Edward, looking at her with extreme tenderness, "who for the sake of avoiding its thorns, would forego the beauty and fragrance of the rose?"

"But there are many thorns for one rose on yon bush," said she.

"True, Matilda; but it is in our power to avoid most of the one while we are gathering the other."

"That depends on our prudence," said she.

"No, Matilda, the true secret of happiness consists in our fortitude to bear the ills of life, and on our sensibility to relish its joys. What would induce me to forego some of the recollections occasioned by the sweet passion whose misery delights? Amidst all my present perplexities, and dark views of the future, the memory of former joys comes over my soul like the refreshing breeze that gives new life to the fainting traveller. You remember the day you were near falling out of the swing at the upper end of the garden. How often has that scene been present to my mind, with all the freshness of an occurrence of yesterday! Will you let me see the trifle I sent you the next day by way

of atonement? I think I could improve it."

"I would not have it altered," said Matilda; "you know it was our treaty of peace."

"Nay, but let me see it for a moment."

"It is put away," said Matilda.

"Ah! you have lost it," said Edward, greatly mortified at the supposition.

"Stay," said Matilda, "I will convince you to the contrary;" and from the same little pocketbook she drew the original, which was as follows:—

"From Myra's lips of rosy hue,  
I snatch'd a balmy kiss:  
But soon my heart had cause to rue  
The cheating, short-liv'd bliss.

"For when the indignant, lovely prize,  
Reluctant I resign'd,  
Away the airy pleasure flies,  
But leaves a sting behind.

"Those lips, where smiles so sweetly play,  
Act but the traitor's part;  
For with their nectar they convey  
Love's poison to the heart.

"Perhaps they, like Actæon's spew,  
May heal the wound they give;  
Deign then, in pity, lovely fair!  
To let me kiss, and live.

"But if, alas! a second kiss  
It would be death to try—  
Then grant once more the heav'nly bliss,  
Oh! let me kiss and die!"

On looking at it he perceived the initials of his name in a large cipher, tastefully coloured and ornamented; and in a very small hand at the bottom, hardly discernible, she had written, "by the Flower of Frederick." He then discovered why she had been unwilling for him to see the paper, and with equal delicacy on his part, he did not make known his discovery.—  
"And ought not our treaty to be renewed?" said he, approaching her with a mixture of tenderness and familiarity, and she yielded for a moment to his embrace. But in another, recollecting herself, she said—  
"Edward, let us be prudent; after all that I have said, you want no further proof of my sentiments. You know I am yours in

heart and soul; that my hand will probably also be yours; but until then, whatever tenderness we may feel, let us at least *act* as mere friends."

"Ah, Matilda, you know not your own heart—you deceive yourself; if you really loved, you could not always be thus coldly prudent."

"Edward, you ought—you must know me better. But do not ask me for proofs of affection, which, as things now stand, I feel to be every way improper. Indeed, Edward, if you loved me as you ought, you would never ask me to do that on which I could look back with regret."

"My dear Matilda," said he, "listen for a moment——"

Now whether the cold water thus thrown on the fire that burnt within him would have extinguished it, or, as sometimes happens, make it blaze the fiercer, can never be known, as Mrs. Fawcner, going into the parlour, and finding no one there, and concluding that Matilda and

her friends were in her favourite retreat, had followed them for the purpose of putting an end to one of the *tête-à-têtes* which she with such good reason anticipated. She was now heard to call out—“Matilda, child, where are you? always in that unwholesome place;” and certainly never could word of magician be supposed ever to have ended an enchantment more suddenly than the appearance of this lady put to flight the romance of the four lovers. Then, endeavouring to disguise her motive for following them, she added—“I am told Mr. Belmain is gone. Why didn’t you tell me he was going? To be sure you did not leave him in the parlour by himself, and come off here to your flowers and nonsense?”

“No, madam,” said Matilda colouring; “Mr. Belmain has merely rode over to Buck-Hill, and means to return I believe. Louisa proposed to me to take a walk in the garden.”

“And I,” said Gildon, who saw how the land lay, and first recovered his ease,



"ventured to solicit a peep at this little temple of taste and beauty."

"Indeed, Mr. Gildon," said the lady, her features relaxing from their first severity, "Matilda has bestowed pains enough on the place to make it handsome. But you had better return to the house, as it was very foggy early this morning, and I am sure the ground must be damp.—I am told you will be absent some time from Frederick, Mr. Grayson," for so she always now addressed Edward.

"I do not expect to return, madam, till I am ready to commence the practice of the law," said Edward gravely.

"I think you are right," said she; "the law, however, seems to be a more uncertain business now than it used to be. Barbawl says they have a very crowded and clever bar at present in this part of the country. I heard major Fawkner say the other day, that the western country holds out great inducements to a young lawyer."

"I shall, madam," said Edward, "make

choice of the place that shall seem most likely to advance the interests of myself and my family."

"I was sorry to hear that you meant to sell Beachwood."

"We have come to no determination yet, madam." Desirous of waving a subject which was always a painful one, and more particularly when it was pressed by the mother of Matilda for the purpose of mortifying him, he added—"I believe, madam, we shall not be able to keep it."

But the lady, who had, besides wishing to humble Edward, the additional motive of endeavouring to discourage Gildon in his views on Louisa, was not so easily checked—"Will your mother continue in Frederick?"

"She will continue here, madam," he replied, with as much impatience as his regard for Matilda would allow him to shew.

"I did not know but she might have removed to Charles City, though I heard that Easton was also to be sold."

"It is, madam; but when all is sold, an asylum has been provided for my mother and sister," with an anger he could no longer disguise.

"Oh, I did not mean to be inquisitive; but one naturally feels an interest in a neighbour's welfare."

In reply to this speech, Edward gave her a look, in which pride, anger, and scorn, were most manifest, but said nothing. Matilda, who, as well as Louisa, had been on thorns during the whole dialogue, felt abashed, and motioned to Louisa to return to the house, which they all did in that awkward silence which takes place between persons who are not only conscious of their unkind feelings towards each other, but also that they are mutually known.

The carriage from Beachwood now drove down the avenue, and Louisa, whose softer and more unresisting nature had indulged Gildon in those little caresses that are at once so tempting and so dangerous to youthful lovers, and who had,

in addition to other causes of vexation, that of self-reproach for not adhering to the course she had prescribed to herself, took a hurried leave of Mrs. Fawkner; and when she came to bid farewell to Matilda, 'that tide of enthusiastic feeling which had been suddenly checked burst like a torrent, and she hung on the neck of her friend and wept.

Edward, whose own breast promptly told him what had been passing in that of Louisa and her lover, now reproached himself for having been instrumental in affording his sister an opportunity of adding fuel to a fire that might consume her. —“Do not distress one another,” said he, and taking Louisa by the hand, conducted her to the carriage.

A half-hour brought them to Beachwood, where the quick eye of her mother readily perceived the agitation her daughter's spirits had lately undergone. When they had retired, and she had inquired into the cause, Louisa merely spoke of her distress on taking leave of Matilda,

but said nothing of her conversation with Gildon. This was the first breach of that confidence which had ever subsisted between them from her earliest infancy. The mildness of Mrs. Grayson's manners, and her affectionate disposition, had inspired love, unmingled with fear, on the part of her children, and she had formed them to the habit of imparting to her all their thoughts and wishes, by abstaining from any thing like bitterness or severity of rebuke, and by not overloading them even with advice; a favourite maxim being with her that they would not be likely to act very much amiss so long as they did not practise concealment, and that faults were half cured when they were once freely confessed.—“Have you had any private conversation, my dear, with Mr. Gildon this morning?”

“He conversed with me some time, madam, when he and brother were with Matilda and myself in the summer-house,” and she felt her cheeks tingle as with the

consciousness of practising a deception on the best of mothers, though she was not telling an untruth.

"And what did he say of his returning to New-York?" inquired Mrs. Grayson, set at rest by her daughter's answer.

"Yes—madam—he—he said he should not be at the races; or, if he did, he should not stop more than a day or two."

"I could wish he had abandoned it altogether," said Mrs. Grayson. — "And what said your brother?"

"He," stammered Louisa, turning her head aside to conceal her increasing confusion—"he said nothing, madam."

"Well, I wonder at that; but he, poor fellow, was, no doubt, thinking of his own difficulties. They sometimes seem to absorb him so entirely, that I feel miserable about him, and fear he will not be able to prosecute his studies to advantage. He must speak to Mr. Gildon again on the subject, and point out the impropriety of his further attentions in still plainer language."

"He has already done so," said Louisa, "I believe. But will it not seem strange, mamma," said Louisa, now recovering herself, "to object to his merely passing through a place because I happen to be there?"

"There can surely be no objection to that, my child, but only that he should not pay you the attentions of a lover, which he will be very apt to do if he is near you, and which I fear you cannot help shewing that you are pleased with. If this should be the case, had he not better stay away?"

Louisa's conscience told her there was but too much truth in her mother's supposition, and said—"Perhaps so, mamma; but yet he will soon leave us—leave the state, I mean."

"That's true, my child; but as he is to go so soon, I think he had better take leave of you here, until he can return under more favourable circumstances."

Louisa made no reply, though she still thought her mother's fears and objections

carried too far. Her little maid Bella now came running into the chamber, and announced that a gentleman, in a fine carriage, with a waiting-man behind him, were coming up the lane. This gentleman they rightly conjectured to be Mr. Belmain. The mother and daughter then returned to the parlour to receive the honour of the visit, which he soon gave them to understand was intended for them.

He came back charged more highly than ever with that subtle and animating fluid which is called self-approbation in one man, and self-conceit in another, in consequence of the compliments and civilities he had received from the good-natured Misses Buckley. He played off his airs with unusual spirit, and, contrary to their natural effect, they happened, on the present occasion, to be much more annoying to Gildon than to Edward, who often found Belmain's little fopperies, joined as they were with great gaiety and liveliness of temper, to be very amusing; while Gildon, with an evident feeling of dislike,



never lost an opportunity of saying something sarcastic, or of paying him some ironical compliment; and he was disappointed to find that his wit did not produce the effect he thought it merited on any of his auditors. Mrs. Grayson's good breeding would have prevented her encouraging his raillery, if her state of mind had allowed her to relish it. Louisa took no pleasure in seeing Gildon fretted at a rival, and was withal too generous and good-natured to laugh at the expence of one who admired her; and Edward neither relished what he called the *persiflage amère* of his friend, and was not often in a mood for merriment. The young gentleman never once perceived the drift of his rival, so artfully was Gildon's raillery disguised, and his self-complacency was slow to suspect that he could be an object of ridicule in a place so inferior in point of wealth and fashion to others in which he had been a leader of the *bon ton*.

After pressing Louisa to play and sing some of her last songs, in which he ac-

accompanied her (for he never travelled without his flute), and receiving a new tribute of praise, he took his leave, as he had engaged to dine with Mr. Buckley, but promised to do himself the honour of seeing Miss Grayson again several times before she left the county; he said he would even call in the morning if she would be at home, and practise one of her last sonatas by Pleyel. She could say no less than that she should be at home, and would be happy to see him and his flute.

"Now Mr. Belmain," said Gildon, with affected gaiety, after the Carolinian had left the room, "is a happy man, to have, in addition to a handsome person and a stylish equipage, that which can take the ears captive."

"Do you think," said Louisa, "that these things are sufficient to confer happiness?"

"I know not any so likely to make one agreeable, and nothing so likely to confer happiness as the power of pleasing."

"I think," said Mrs. Grayson, "you

overrate this young gentleman's powers in this way."

"I imagine not, madam; but I will leave the matter to Miss Grayson."

"I am not sure," said Louisa, "how you really do rate them, but I do not estimate them very highly; I merely think he has a good taste in music, and that, though vain, he has a good heart at bottom."

"Nay, that I deny, madam, for I am sure he has lost it;" and by this sally Gildon closed the conversation, in which, however, he appeared to less advantage in the eyes of both mother and daughter than he had done before since his arrival, though the latter found an excuse for his pique in its cause.

This young man's skilful performance on the flute, and the common-place praises it procured, furnished indeed one of those topics of complaint which lovers are ever ready to seize on, and which, with the little bickerings to which they give rise, and the reconciliations that follow, seem

as necessary accompaniments of the tender passion, and to be as essential to its growth, as exercise is to that of the body. After Louisa and her lover had, by such snatches of explanation as Mrs. Grayson and Edward's presence permitted, gone the usual round of lovers' quarrels, they met the next morning in a forgiving humour, and were soon better satisfied with each other than they had ever been before; so that when Primus came to the door to tell the gentlemen, according to custom, that the horses were ready, it was with some difficulty that Gildon could tear himself away to take his morning ride.

#### CHAPTER IV.

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THEY had not been gone long before young Belmain in his phaeton, followed by his liveried valet, appeared in sight, and in a moment he entered the parlour

in a fashionable blue frock coat, with doe-skin pantaloons and hussar boots. He found Louisa at her piano, not expecting him so soon, or rather, not having thought of him at all.—“ You see, Miss Grayson,” said he, “ I am punctual to my engagement, and I am delighted to find that you have not forgot it.”

“ What engagement,” said she, “ sir ?” for she had regarded his proposal like so many other things he said, as mere common-place, not worth remembering, and not intended by him to be remembered.

“ Why, to practise that difficult sonata by Pleyel, to be sure.”

“ Oh, I remember, sir !” and she immediately began to look for it among a number of loose sheets, when he said—“ My dear Miss Grayson, chance favours me with an opportunity that I have long prayed for to discover my sentiments to you, if my eyes have not already spoken a language that is not to be misunderstood.” He then went on in the style of rhapsody common on such occasions, and drawing a

favourable inference from the embarrassment which such explanations seldom fail to occasion, he pressed his suit with more vehement protestations, and with the air of one who was confident of success. Louisa, collecting all the resolution she was mistress of, declined the honour he intended her in terms so strong and decisive, as to put an end to his hopes at once.

His looks shewed that he was quite as much astonished as hurt; and in no very indirect terms he spoke of his situation and prospects, and gave some intimation of the disparity between them in this particular. But finding that she held the same positive, unqualified language, he gave her to understand that he could account for her conduct by a prior engagement, which he had heard of, but had not credited from what he had seen. To which she could not forbear replying, that strange as it might seem, it was possible he might not be to the taste of every female, though her heart should be unoccupied. He then ventured, in the

course of his expostulations, to insinuate that she had given him encouragement, especially the day before; upon which, with some indignation, she told him, that if such was his mode of interpreting a lady's conduct, she must leave him, lest he should consider her hearing such assertions with patience as encouragement: and finding she was bent on quitting the room, he made a half-way apology for the uncourteous charge, and bowing formally and profoundly, took leave without practising the difficult sonata by Pleyel.

The truth is, that his feelings were rather those of mortified vanity than of disappointed love. Having a lively susceptibility to female beauty, and an exalted idea of his own qualifications to please, he was in the habit of falling in love, and of making love to every pretty face he saw. But as Louisa's was a beauty of no ordinary stamp, and she had the eclat in the preceding summer of being an heiress, he had been more than usually taken with

her, and had determined that after making the tour of the northern and western states in the winter, if he saw no lady more to his taste, he would return and pluck the little mountain rose, as he never doubted that he would be as much superior in Louisa's eyes to the rural swains whom he saw around her, as he excelled them in his equipment, skill in points of etiquette, and matters of fashion. On returning to Virginia this summer, finding that her prospects of fortune were entirely blasted, he had abandoned at first all thoughts of offering her his hand; but such had been the influence of her beauty, which a year had improved and matured, and such the unaffected sweetness of her manners, which he construed into personal partiality for himself, that he was insensibly drawn along to think of her seriously as a wife, notwithstanding she had lost the recommendation of fortune, though that circumstance was not without its refrigerating effect.

In this state of mind, where the con-



flicting motives nearly balanced one with another, his rebuff was not a cause of suicide, and he was seen the following week at the warm springs, dividing his attentions between his own spruce and dapper little person and the pretty faces which are annually transported thither, for the kind purposes of cheering the low-spirited and comforting the sick.

The little mortification which Belmain appeared to suffer, and the offensive insinuations of his vanity, had enabled Louisa to discard him with great indifference, for her good-nature and tenderness of heart had commonly made her feel a great deal on such occasions. She immediately went to her mother's chamber, and communicated to her all the particulars, not even suppressing his last hint of the cause of his failure, and in doing so she persuaded herself she was conforming to a secret resolution she had made never more to conceal from her mother any incident of her life.

Mrs. Grayson congratulated her on be-

ing rid of one who had proved himself so unworthy of her, and superadded further injunctions on the necessity of circumspection, drawn from the seeming notoriety of Gilden's attachment.

Louisa then took a walk down to see Granny Moll, as she usually did after returning from a visit, and patiently answered the old woman's minute inquiries about those subjects that had chiefly occupied her mind—the different dishes at the dinner-table—the servants who waited—and the style and character of the whole establishment at the Elms.

"Ah, the Lord bless you, my young mistress," said the old woman, "how times are changed! I can remember when old Steener, Mr. Fawkner's father, was overseer to your grandpa, my old master, and now they are at the top of the pot; and Phill tells me that Mrs. Fawkner is not willing for master Edward to marry her daughter, and that he an't rich enough. But I tell Phill if he hadn't a rag to his back he would be a match for e'er a young

lady in Frederick. A-lack-a-daisy! I never expected to live to see the day when one of old Fritz Steener's grandchildren would be thought too good for any of my master's family. But, honey, I suppose little Randal, that is Chloe's son, was one of the waiters. They tell me they have taken him in the house since he's grown up, and he's now head waiter."

"He is so," said Louisa.

"Well, my old master give that Chloe's mother and another girl named Patty, for a pair of horses. I remember it as well as if it was yesterday; and, honey, the horses were puffed up, and made very sleek and fat, and in two months' time they balked and got good for nothing, and old master let Ben, Sal's father, have them for his waggon; and major Fawcner owns now more than thirty negroes from these girls. Phill and I counted up twenty tother-day, and we could not count half of them; for there is a good many at the upper quarter."

"Well, but, granny, how does Rachel

behave to you now? does she wait upon you, and bring you wood?"

"Ah, Miss Louisa! after you talk so to Rachel, and shame her so, she did little better for two or three days; but she soon get in her old way again. Last week my Dick brought me four roasting ears out of his patch, the first I'd seen this year, and if you'll believe me, Rachel eat three of them—she's a monstrous greedy girl! Ah, Miss Louisa, young folks will go their way!—But tell me, my young mistress, is it true that this young gentleman that master Edward brought home with him is a courting you?"

"La, granny, who could have told you that?"

"Rachel, honey, told me so t'other day, and I thought as much before. But Phill says his father, that is away to the north, an't willing for him to have my young mistress. God bless the folks! what has come to them? I remember the time when the grandest and richest young gen-

lemen in the land would have been proud to have married into my old master's family. Now money makes the mare go, as the saying is.—But is it true that he is courting my young mistress?" and without waiting for an answer she proceeded—" Well, I must say he's a mighty clever gentleman. He comes down here with master Edward, and sits with the old woman by the hour, and asks me about old times when I lived in Williamsburg, in lord Botetourt's time; and he always remembers the old woman. I didn't use to like the Yankees, though they say they act like what they was in old times, when they used to come up York-River in their little vessels, with their onions, and potatoes, and wooden dishes.—But is he courting you, child?"

" You must not believe all you hear, granny—I do not mean to marry."

" Ah, Miss Louisa, I know better than that; you can't cheat the old woman so, and I am thinking you have got the man

in your eye already. Primus says he's more of a gentleman to servants than the little man from Carolina, for all he makes such a show."

Louisa listened with pleasure to these praises of her lover, as every woman does, however humble the quarter, or doubtful the motive from which the commendations proceed, and thought that his kindness to the old woman manifested a very amiable disposition. She was disposed to continue the conversation in the same channel, without seeming to wish it, and added—"I suppose when this gentleman—but he is not a Yankee, granny, he is a New-Yorker—asks you about old times, you tell him what fine doings you used to have in those days, of the coach and six, and green and orange liveries, and so forth."

"Ah, let the old woman alone for that! I told him my old master and family were the grandest people in the land, and would be so if they had an acre of low grounds, or a negro to work."

"And what said he to that?" trying to disguise the interest she took in an affected carelessness.

"Oh, he laughed mightily, and said— 'I think so too, granny.' He sets a heap of store by you all, you may depend upon it."

In such chitchat Louisa passed a full hour, after which she was observed to be more particular in catechising Rachel about neglecting the old woman, and not content with giving directions, she herself often went to see that they were obeyed. At these times she seldom failed to hear something relative to Gildon, which gratified her, as evincing either his amiable disposition, his generosity, or his attachment to her, to which last indeed she principally ascribed his visits.

As Gildon had expressed a wish to see Harper's Ferry before he left the country, Edward and he concluded to ride there this morning, the distance being but about sixteen miles. The high-wrought descrip-

tion that had been given of this celebrated spot had had the common effect of producing disappointment—that is to say, the gratification derived from the grandeur and variety of the scene had not been as great as they had expected, though without doubt they would have felt no less admiration than he who has described that scene so eloquently, if they had viewed it under less disadvantages of preparation.

They did not discover those clear marks of an abrasion of the mountain, where the united waters of the Potomac and the Shenandoah find a passage through the Blue Ridge into the level country lying east of it. But the tongue of land which separates the two rivers being very steep and high, enabled them to look down on both the streams, which, hemmed in on each side by high and abrupt mountains, appeared to the eye above to be greatly diminished in their dimensions as they meandered in the bottom of their respective vallies.

They looked at the wild scenery around



from different points, but nowhere was it so varied and picturesque as in the very gap of the Blue Ridge, on the Maryland side; for here they could trace the course of both rivers from the south and the west, for a considerable distance, and follow with their eyes the Blue Ridge, gradually softening into a paler hue, until it sinks in the horizon. To the south they saw the section of the mountain which made in one side of the gap an abrupt and almost perpendicular cliff, and to the east the river Potomac, now enlarged by the accession of the Shenandoah, running through a woody and seemingly level country, till both river and country were blended into a pale misty surface of vast extent, resembling a magnificent view of the ocean. These grand and picturesque features of nature were rather interrupted than embellished by the arsenal of the United States, where smoke, and hammers, and workmen moving to and fro, broke in upon the repose of nature, and

raised a new and uncongenial train of ideas.

An old man, who was standing with a gun in his hand, near the narrow path which they were ascending, very readily undertook to conduct them to the jutting rock in the gap, to which they had been recommended. He was very communicative, and informed them that he had been a soldier of the revolution, which his erect figure, firm step, and union of a respectful deference of manners with great rigidity of features, all plainly bespoke he had served in the continental line in the northern campaign—was at the battles of Princeton and Brandywine—and afterwards in the south under the gallant young La Fayette—that he had a cottage at the foot of the mountain, though he had no employment under government. He was then taking a turn on the mountain, and always carried his gun with him, in case he should see a wild turkey or deer. The young men were delighted to meet with a war-worn veteran in such a

spot, and Edward, who had inherited from his father a great predilection for the character of a soldier, questioned him very closely about his several campaigns; and when he mentioned serving in the twenty-first regiment, he said—"The same, I think, in which my father commanded a company."

"His name, sir, if I may be so bold?"

"Edward Grayson."

"Is it possible! and are you a son of captain Grayson of the horse? But I see you are the same flash of the eye when he was pleased—I must shake you by the hand, sir; and this is not your brother?"

"No, a friend from another state."

"Well, a braver man," said the veteran, "never drew a sword, nor one who had more feeling for a soldier. Sir, I knew him to give five hundred dollars for a side of leather (to a Quaker tanner in Pennsylvania, who was a d——d Tory I believe) and distribute it among his soldiers—for, my young masters, you must know we suffered in the revolution more

for want of something to wear, than something to eat, though sometimes it was tough work to forage for provision. I enlisted for a second tour in another company, and was sent to the south under colonel Covington, and never saw your father again till after the war, when I met with him at Winchester. Take the right, sir, by that old pine. Now you, who are possessed of large estates, and are now enjoying the fruits of our independence, have little idea of what those underwent who fought for it; and yet I can't say but that in the midst of our hardships we enjoyed ourselves a good deal at times; when seated around a good fire, with a turkey or goose, or may be a mutton that we had robbed a Tory of, and now and then some of our people; for a soldier, young gentlemen, is not very particular in these things. We never thought of the march we had made in the snow, with hardly a shoe to our foot, or expected to make next day. The women, too, were every where mighty kind to us. They

often helped us to clothes. They gave us the best their kitchens and dairies afforded—and what is something more than all, my masters, to a young soldier, they gave us kind looks and fair words.”

The veteran, who had been a lad of gallantry in every sense, gave them some details of his personal adventures and successes, in which it is not improbable that an active imagination supplied the deficiencies of a declining memory. But they found the communicative old soldier a very entertaining guide, and he, on his part, was so much pleased with his new acquaintances, that he pressed them very much to call and partake of such fare as his little cabin afforded. But they excused themselves, as it was out of their road, and prevailing on him to accept a small gratuity, which he at first refused, they proceeded to the tavern to dinner, which they had previously ordered, and taking a hasty look at the public arsenal then recently established, and the arms

that had been there manufactured, they rode back to Beachwood, which they reached a little after sunset.

In the evening, Gildon observed to Louisa, "that he was afraid she would not attempt any of her new music without her late accompaniment; but if she would favour him with one of her old-fashioned songs, it might be quite agreeable to the hearers, if not to herself."

"Nay, I please myself most when I please them," said she; and played and sung with more grace and spirit than he had ever before heard her. The song that had been selected, being also one of Matilda's favourites, reminded Edward so strongly of the happy moments that were past, which were so different from those he then saw in perspective, that he felt a heaviness of the heart which he could not repress nor conceal.

The affectionate Louisa perceived it, and going up to him, said—"Brother, I have something to raise your spirits," and took from her bosom a packet she had

received that afternoon from Matilda, containing a short note, in which she had requested Louisa to give the enclosed letter to Edward, after they had left Frederick. She then added, in a whisper—“I intend to comply with Matilda’s request, though I know it is only some little piece of her prudery; but you looked so disconsolate, I could not help trying to comfort you.”

“You are a sweet girl, Louisa; it is the only request from the same person which I could be obliged to you for denying.” He withdrew into the next room, and breaking open the seal with impatience, experienced that delight which can be known only to those whose feelings have been refined and sublimated by sentimental love, on finding a little glass locket, with a plain gold rim, in which was to be seen one of her beautiful dark curls, and to the ring of which she had fastened a pale blue ribbon. The paper enveloping it contained the following short note—“Louisa is requested to deliver you

this paper, when you will be far distant, and when I am sure the keepsake it contains will be most acceptable. May the heart which is about to warm this little remembrancer, be also inspired by it with courage and hope, prays your faithful M——a."

He kissed the little present again and again, with the most rapturous joy, and it was some time before he would forego the luxury of his feelings, to join the party in the parlour. The change in his air and manner, when he entered, was so striking, that Louisa seemed to have wrought a miracle.

"I had no faith in love-powder before," said Gildon, "but I think there was some in that packet, and I thought I knew the hand of the physician. It must have been a powerful prescription to have produced so sudden a change."

"It is indeed," said Edward, "and I must take another dose."

"And I, for my part, feel some curiosity to see it administered," says Mrs.



Grayson, following him into the dining-room, for her maternal solicitude was now diverted from Louisa to Edward.

"What an enthusiast my brother is!" said Louisa.

"And may I inquire," said Gildon, "what has occurred to excite his enthusiasm?"

"A keepsake from Matilda, I believe," said she.

"It is no wonder," said Gildon seriously, "that for such a favour, at once unexpected and unsolicited, he should feel a transport of delight.—Ah, Louisa, if I could ever hope to inspire you with such sentiments, how happy should I be! But you are so cold and so prudent—so unwilling to indulge in that enthusiasm which is so interesting in your brother."

"I wish," said she, in a low, trembling voice, "I was as free from all other faults as from coldness of heart."

"And think you," said he, "that you have that fervour of feeling which distinguishes Miss Fawcner?"

"It is difficult to judge of ourselves," said Louisa with a mortified air; "but I know I feel too much for my own peace—though I may appear very dull and inanimate to others."

"My dear Louisa, you misunderstood me—I was only doubting whether there existed any adequate cause to excite you to enthusiasm, and rather meant to express my distrust of myself than of you."

Mrs. Grayson, whose watchful interest in the concerns of her daughter had been for a moment suspended, now returned to the parlour, and her inquiring eye saw, in the suffused cheek and fluttering manner of Louisa, that her lover had made the best use of the few precious moments afforded him. She then asked her daughter to play a favourite hymn, in which the Deity is fervently besought to inspire us with good resolutions, to pity our weakness and to uphold us in our wavering course—for she was habitually fond of church music, and since her husband's

death had never been seen to take pleasure in any other.

Louisa's previous hurry of spirits, and the consciousness of how much she needed that support which she was then invoking, gave uncommon expression to her performance; and when she came to the last stanza, the humility and contrition she really felt got the better of her self-possession, and she was unable to proceed. Her tender mother, deeply affected with more than one lively emotion, rose, and taking her by the hand—"My child," said she, "you exert yourself too much. You are not well, and had better retire." Then wishing Gildon a good-night, she led her daughter into her chamber.

When there, Louisa, no longer under any restraint, threw her head on her mother's bosom, and without uttering a word, burst into tears.

"Has any thing happened, my child, to distress you? speak."

"No, mamma, nothing at all;" yet such is the strange inconsistency of human na-

ture, she felt the stings of self-reproach more keenly than when she had committed a far greater transgression.

"I have been imprudent, my beloved mother; can you forgive me?" She then detailed the hurried conversation which had taken place.

"It would be better for you, my dear child," said Mrs. Grayson, "to be explicit with Mr. Gildon, and refuse to converse with him on a subject which every thing convinces me is not only improper, under present circumstances, but highly dangerous; and if you are fearful of giving him offence, you may plead my commands."

"Oh, my dear mother, I will endeavour to do all you wish me!" said Louisa, relieved by having confessed her fault, and by her mother's abstaining from reproof.

Thus calmed in spirit by the gentle treatment of her indulgent and considerate parent, and by more of self-approbation than she had for some time enjoyed, they passed an hour in conversing on indifferent subjects, particularly on the prospect of

her intended visit; and by way of confirming the frame of mind in which Louisa then was, Mrs. Grayson, whose heart was ever alive to sentiments of piety, and who never forgot the efficacy of religion, desired her to read aloud Tillotson's excellent sermon on the regulation of the passions; for she preferred his vigorous sense, and rational devotion, to the more polished compositions of the present day; after which Louisa retired more tranquil, and even cheerful, than she had been since she had first experienced the feverish agitations of love.

The next day, which was Sunday, she rose fresh from a sound and untroubled sleep; and according to their invariable practice, attended an episcopal chapel, which a wealthy gentleman had built in the neighbourhood on his own estate. It was a small building of stone, finished with great plainness and simplicity, and it stood in a narrow bottom, almost surrounded by low hills, covered with thick wood. The congregation which was com-

mostly seen here were mostly people of fortune, who had removed to this county from below, and a few of the neighbours who frequented it merely because it was the nearest place of worship. Gildon was surprised to see the number of carriages, many of them elegant, in attendance on this humble temple of Christ; and on entering he found a very genteel and well-dressed congregation. The preacher was a man of a mild, prepossessing appearance and manner, though the earnestness of his exhortations shewed that his zeal was of a warmer character.

Louisa entered this place of worship in a frame of mind more than usually prepared to profit by the wholesome doctrine and pure spirit of devotion which was inculcated. The seeds of religion had been early planted in her breast by her pious mother, and without being an enthusiast on this subject, she was very sincerely devout. But in spite of the resolutions she made in secret to herself, her eyes would often wander towards the seat

on which Gildon sat—and then, aware of the impropriety of this interchange of glances, and conscious of the terrestrial character of her thoughts, she would cast her eyes on her prayer-book, and there steadfastly continue them, until her watchfulness relaxed, and the predominating feeling of her bosom gained the ascendancy. Thus her whole time in church was spent in a struggle between duty and inclination—between grace and passion; and when the congregation, many of whom were good singers, raised their voices in a hymn or psalm, her feelings of mingled love and devotion overpowered her—and while her devotion was the more fervid; from the sentiments of tenderness which filled her bosom, her love in turn was purified and refined from its earthly dross, by the spirit of devotion. At such times her mind, as pure as that of an angel, regarded her lover only as one of a nobler class of beings in the image of the Greater, for whose happiness she most devoutly

prayed, in common with that of her beloved mother and brother.

After service was over, some minutes were passed in an exchange of greetings among the neighbouring gentry, and many were the invitations that Louisa received to dinner; but as she expected to set off on the following Tuesday, they were all declined; and indeed, the idea of parting with him who more and more engrossed her whole thoughts and mind, produced a sadness of the heart which made company extremely irksome and dull.

Gildon attended the carriage back to Beachwood, and rode off to take leave of the family at Buckley, where he was received with their wonted cordiality, and a profusion of kind expressions of regret at his leaving them so soon, it being understood that he would attend Louisa as far as where the road to Mr. Hawkins's turned off from the main road. After dinner, he escorted Miss Fanny to Beachwood, where she proposed to bid farewell to Louisa, and to remain some days after her



departure, to help to cheer Mrs. Grayson's spirits. They found that good lady afflicted with a severe headach, which confined her and themselves to her chamber the whole evening.

The next day being spent in packing, and in those various little arrangements which are always made when one is going to be long absent, Gildon and Louisa met only at the breakfast and dinner-table. In the evening Louisa walked down to see Granny Molly for a few minutes; and as she was returning, Gildon, who had been informed of it by Miss Fanny, and had been waiting near the spot, approached her, and profiting by the veil which the shades of twilight threw around them, he snatched from her trembling lips the kisses she had not strength enough to refuse, until she heard Primus say—"Miss Louisa, tea is ready," when she had time to recollect her indiscretion, and the inefficacy of all her resolutions.

She persuaded herself that Primus, whose noiseless step had given no intima-

tion of his approach, but who, with a natural curiosity, had stood awhile to witness the caresses of the lover, had not witnessed her imprudence, and excusing herself on the ground of surprise, and promising to herself more circumspect conduct for the future, she walked on to the house, and, as soon as tea was over, retired to pass the evening with her mother and her friend.

While they were engaged in rather a melancholy conversation, Bella came up to her mistress, and said—"Uncle Phill wants to see you, madam."

"Tell him to come to the door.—Well, Phill, what is the matter?"

"I am thinking, madam, that the two bays will hardly do to travel so far—Romulus is getting old now."

"Why, what will you do?" said his mistress.

"I was thinking, ma'am, that Jenus and Stribling would match very well, and we had better put them in, as the overseer is not yet ready to sow wheat."

"Oh, mamma," said Louisa, "we had better take them, uncle Phill is such a good judge."

"I am afraid, Phill," said his mistress, "you want two more horses as much for the sake of making a show as from any necessity."

"Why, to be sure, madam, when I am driving my young mistress, I would rather she should travel as she has been used to travel; but I think the old bays are hardly sufficient; and besides, they go so much better when I have horses before them. They were very near stopping the other day, when we were coming up the hill by the new ground."

"I will speak to the overseer about it first—ask him to step here."

By-and-by Mr. Slade made his appearance, and being questioned as to the propriety of two additional horses, he assured Mrs. Grayson that the bays were in excellent plight, were never stronger nor truer than at this time—that Phill had endeavoured to impose on him, as he

wished to do on his mistress—and that, although he was not ploughing, he wanted the horses to finish getting out the wheat. It was therefore settled, that, for the first time, they meant to travel with but two horses.

Tuesday was a day of tribulation to the amiable and grief-worn Mrs. Grayson. To whatever side she turned her eyes, she saw nothing but sorrow, and disappointment, and danger. Her property was about to be taken from her, or rather her children; her son was blasted in his fairest hopes, and was endeavouring to struggle against poverty and unsuccessful love; and her beloved and helpless daughter was exposed to similar disappointment, with all the aggravation that her extreme sensibility, and want of firmness, exposed her to. Every thing was ready by seven o'clock, though that was later by an hour than they had intended to start. Bella was taken into the carriage with her young mistress, and when Phill drove off, with a loud crack of the whip, the sound

of the lash seemed to go to the worthy matron's heart.

## CHAPTER V.

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To enable the reader the better to understand all the considerations which operated on Gildon's mind, it may not be amiss to make him better acquainted with the character and views of Nathaniel Gildon the father. Having by a long course of successful industry amassed a large fortune, he conceived the wish, not only of transmitting his wealth, and the faculty of increasing it, to his son, but also the ambition of bringing him up a fine gentleman, and a man of weight and importance in society. He had once indeed an idea of making his son a lawyer, but the distaste which James's volatile genius had for that dry and laborious study, and his inclina-

tion for travel, had so strongly resisted this desire, that the old man was finally persuaded to abandon it in favour of mercantile pursuits; and he was the more reconciled to the change, as some of those who figured most conspicuously here in the circles of fashion, and even in the political world, had been commercial men. At that very time the showy style of living of one merchant in Philadelphia, whose marble staircase, and mirror doors, and crowded routs, were common topics of admiration, and the yet greater magnificence which another exhibited in perspective, by the palace he was then building, were as attractive and imposing to ordinary minds as any political reputation whatever.

The son was therefore intended to become a merchant on a large scale, as soon as he had acquired a complete college education, and had been initiated in the arcana of his intended profession in the counting-house of some eminent merchant in New-York; and when the quick sus-

ceptibility of his heart, united to the vanity of being admired, had induced him to become a dangler after the gay Miss De Peyster, the father saw, in that unpromising connexion, his whole fabric of ambition overthrown at once, and he thought himself of the expedient of sending James to the distant college of William and Mary. Hearing soon afterwards that his son had entirely overcome his imprudent attachment, his hopes revived, and he looked for him back, after graduating the following session, to fix himself in New-York; but when he heard that he had contracted another attachment, still more imprudent than the first, he lost all patience, and had determined, if he should marry, to let him taste the folly of his course, without relief or mitigation.

He had requested a nephew, who, to a sprightly genius and much gaiety of temper, added a good deal of his own worldly prudence, to write to his son, and, exerting the influence over him he always pos-

sessed, endeavour, if possible, to break off the match. Hence was the letter written which has already been given to the reader; and the circumstance, on which much stress was laid in that letter, that is, the improving condition of Mr. De Peyster's affairs, was not without its effect on Gildon's mind, whenever he was not under the immediate influence of Louisa's personal attractions—brought up, as he had been, to consider wealth as essential to happiness, and one of the surest instruments of procuring respect and consequence in society. But, as we have seen, such was the magic power of beauty, that these cold dictates of prudence and ambition occasionally melted before it, like snow before the rays of an April sun; and yet, as when the rays of that luminary are withdrawn from above the horizon, the freezing power of ambition would soon resume its sway.

At this time he was so much under the influence of love that he was determined to use all the skill and address he was



master of, to obtain his father's consent; and if that should fail, to marry Louisa, and trust to the chance of his parent's returning affection; conceiving that his being an only child was as much in favour of that result, as his father's avarice and implacability were against it. If Louisa's friends, of whose pride and disinterestedness he had a very exalted idea, should oppose the match under such circumstances, he flattered himself the interest he had in her affections would finally enable him to win her consent; and it was this standing with her which he was anxiously endeavouring to attain.

But while beauty, and sweetness, and ardent affection, were thus producing their legitimate effects, the unremitting success of Miss De Peyster's father in business was counteracting it. That gentleman, from being a bankrupt but two short years before, was now in a more extensive business, and more rapid course of prosperity, than any merchant of New-York; and the ill fortune of young Gildon, or his

folly in letting such a prize slip through his fingers, was a common theme among their mutual acquaintance. The letters he received from his friends always mentioned this circumstance, and it sometimes excited in him a wish to convince them that what he had thrown away he could at any time resume; and at other times he formed the desire of trying his talents at pleasing with Miss De Peyster, for the purpose of obtaining this triumph to his vanity, and then sacrificing all at the shrine of love. Such were his sentiments when he left Beachwood, to attend Louisa as far as he was permitted, before he set out for New-York, on the plan of conciliating his father.

Though Phill had not been able to procure an extra pair of horses to go the whole length of the journey, he had succeeded so far as to get the use of them until they should cross the ridge at Ashby's Gap, where the two leaders were unharnessed, and sent back to the treading yard. They stopped at the little village

of Salem, in the upper part of Fauquier; and while the horses were fed at the stable of the little ordinary, Bella brought out the store of refreshments with which the provident care of Mrs. Grayson had filled the pockets of the carriage, and which, not relying on the fare they might chance to meet with at the humble places of entertainment on the road, they had always been in the habit of carrying in their journeys. There was a neat's tongue, cold chicken, sliced ham, pickles, and a loaf of such bread as is seldom seen out of the United States, and not often there, except in a few private families, together with cake, Naples biscuit, and gingerbread in profusion. But the pain of leaving her beloved mother, and the further and perhaps yet greater pain she anticipated, deprived Louisa of all appetite. Edward and Gildon, who also had their share of mental anxiety, experienced not the same effects from it, but partook of all that was before them, with the keen appetite that belongs to young men at

three-and-twenty. The fragments, after taking as much as would satisfy Phill and Bella, were left as a perquisite to the house; and were eyed, that is the sweeter portion of them, with great good will by two little bluff-looking urchins in the back room.

The mistress of the house, a silent, de-cent-looking, stirring woman, came in with a waiter covered with excellent peaches, which had now attained their full perfection, and asked Louisa if she would not like to rest awhile on her bed while the horses were feeding. She readily accepted the offer, and found the little chamber far more neat and comfortable than the outer room had led her to expect.

After resting about two hours, they set off at three in the afternoon, with the intention of stopping at the house of Mr. Hawkins, a distant relation, in Fauquier, on whom they had long been in the habit of calling, in passing to and fro. Though Edward had been better satisfied if Gildon had left them at once, yet as they were

going the same road some distance farther, when they must necessarily part, he thought it would be fastidious to object to his continuing with them, and accordingly offered to introduce him to the house of his kinsman, where he would be sure of a cordial welcome.

It was past twilight before they reached Mr. Hawkins's, owing, as Phill said, to their having but two horses, as he had predicted; but he might more easily have accounted for the delay, by his turning out of the public road, and missing his way, for a short time, in consequence of having rather too freely indulged himself at the sign of the Cross Keys at Salem. They were received with the kind welcome they ever experienced, though to those who did not know the family, there was a formality in all they said and did, that scarcely comported with that goodness of heart they really possessed. "Cousin Louisa," and "cousin Edward," were asked the usual round of questions about

"cousin Grayson." Mr. Gildon was formally welcomed to Hawkinsville; and Mrs. Hawkins told him, she had "had the pleasure of hearing his name frequently mentioned since he had visited cousin Grayson's—that is, since he had returned from Williamsburg with cousin Edward."

About nine they were asked to sit down to a supper, in which every thing was arranged in due form, as it had been prepared with the most scrupulous care. Mrs. Hawkins pressed all of her several little dainties on each of her guests in regular succession, accompanying each solicitation with regret that she had nothing better to offer, and that travelling had given them no better appetites; though this was correct with no individual of the party, as the freshness of the night air, and long fasting, had restored even Louisa's appetite. This worthy lady had four children, the eldest of whom, a girl of thirteen or fourteen, was a devoted admirer of "cousin Louisa Grayson," but

was held in mute silence by the presence of a stranger; while Gildon's rattle took so kindly with her, that she laughed at every word he said. The younger children were very shy of the whole party; running to the door, peeping in, and then starting back the moment their mamma called to them "to come in and speak to their cousins and the gentleman, and to behave pretty."

"I tell Tommy, cousin," she said, "he will never make a lawyer; for you must know Mr. Hawkins talks of making him one when he grows up; but Mr. Hawkins tells me there's Mr. Shalmar, the great lawyer in Richmond, who was raised in this county; he was once a mighty bashful man, and could hardly open his mouth when he first went to the bar. Many people, I am sure I may say several, think he favours you, cousin Edward."

By this time the little urchin again made his appearance.—"Come here, Tommy, and speak to your cousin Edward; you know you are going to be a lawyer—

cousin Edward's a lawyer;" on which he again darted off laughing.

In this way they were entertained by these amiable simple people, in a style of kindness which was at once laborious to the entertainers and oppressive to the guests. In the lodging-rooms every thing was exact and in place; the water, and glasses, and towels, laid to the square; the beds were the nicest and most inviting that were possible; the sheets, to be sure, were of cotton, but spun and wove with so much firmness and compactness, as to have the feel of linen, and they were of the most dazzling whiteness. They were also highly perfumed with roses. The little window-curtains were also of domestic fabric, decorated with handsome cotton fringe. Every thing, in short, indicated good management, industry, and neatness. The servants were all clad in homespun, and perfectly clean, with their wool combed almost straight.

Mr. Hawkins was absent in Alexandria, where he had gone to make sale of his



crop, and to purchase some necessaries for his family, which, his wife said, he always did three times a year. An early breakfast was provided by their considerate hostess, protesting however most vehemently, that it was "not with any view of getting rid of them; she would be very glad if they would spend the day with her, or even several days; and Mr. Gildon, too, though she had not known him before; but that was no reason they were always to be strangers." And here she cast a significant look towards Louisa, and put on the countenance of one who had said a good thing, but was somewhat doubtful how it would be received; and inferring some disapprobation from the silence of Louisa, who had not perceived her allusion, said—"Cousin, you must not mind my jokes; I tell Mr. Hawkins sometimes friends must be allowed to joke with one another measurably.—Don't you think so, Mr. Gildon?"

"Certainly, madam; I like always to

he joked myself, and am particularly fond of jesting with those I like best."

This he said by way of salvo to one or two little sallies, in which he could not forbear to indulge, when such tempting occasions presented themselves, and for the purpose of securing some stock of good will and friendship beforehand, for what he might be further tempted to say.

When the travellers resisted all her entreaties, Mrs. Hawkins then told her cousin, that as she had been afraid she could not prevail on her to pass the day, she had put up something cold for her to take when they stopped to feed; and ordered the trim neat-looking girl who was in the room to bring it out of her closet, where this motherly housewife had provided almost as much as Mrs. Grayson had done the day before.

"Cousin," said Louisa, "I am sorry you have taken this trouble; mamma has given us an ample supply of cake; but do not let us take your napkins.—Grace,

ask Bella to wrap up those articles in one of her own."

"No, cousin," said Mrs. Hawkins interrupting her, "don't disturb them; Phill can bring them back as he returns, and I want him to call to let me know how you get down."

Little Tommy, having eaten and drank at the same table with the visitors, and finding Gildon full of jokes and pleasantry, had now overcome his shyness, and seemed as unwilling to leave them as he had been to approach them at first, and eyed them with the intense gaze of curiosity and admiration.

Though Mrs. Hawkins had hurried breakfast for them, when they were about starting she again feared she had driven them away, and even asked them to sit awhile longer, as the day was pleasant. She insisted with each in succession, that they would never pass Hawkinsville without calling; and hoped Mr. Gildon, when he travelled that way again, would favour them with a call, and there was no know-

ing but he might visit Virginia once more.  
—"Cousin, you know you must excuse my jokes."

"Ah, madam," said Gildon, "you must remind Miss Grayson of that duty very often, or she would be apt to overlook it."

The mock gravity with which this was spoken so overcame the air of strangeness Louisa was affecting at Mrs. Hawkins's allusion, that she could not help laughing outright; and then she felt alarmed lest she should give offence, and vexed with herself for being amused at the little peculiarities of one so amiable, and so studious to oblige her. By way of putting an end to the exercise of a talent, which, though she strongly relished, and often admired, she could not at times help thinking a little unamiable, she wished her kind friend a good-day; after, however, the usual length of conference that commonly preceded all leave-taking between Mrs. Hawkins and her friends. They set off in a bold trot, according to Phill's practice (who said, unless his horses started off in good

spirit they were apt to be dull all day), until they reached the main road they had left.

The next day they travelled on without accident, till they met with a family moving to the west. It consisted of a middle-aged man, his wife, about thirty-five, and eight children, the oldest not fourteen. The man, woman, and the largest children, were all walking, and the youngest were in a little covered cart, driven by the eldest son. He told them he was moving from Westmoreland county to Kentucky, where he could more easily provide for a large and growing family.

Gildon seemed disposed to sympathize with so many indigent beings, condemned to exile from the scenes of their early attachment; but he found, on entering into conversation with them, that they were not only reconciled to the necessity of removal, but even full of lively hope, from the plenty they expected to enjoy, and the favourable expectations we naturally

form of the future, where the imagination is free to shape it out.

The man told him he had been for many years a tenant on a piece of poor land, and finding it hard, after paying his rent, to support himself with so large a family, and alarmed at the prospect of a crop for the present year, he had sold out all he could spare, crop and all, and with the proceeds purchased the little cart, and retained money enough, with economy, to carry him to the west, after which he expected to rent or settle himself on some piece of good land not occupied, of which he was told there was abundance in that country. They had their little vessels for cooking and eating, and commonly slept on the road side. Louisa presented the woman with a shawl not half worn, and gave the children some pieces of muslin and ribbon which had been put away in her trunk, and wished them a prosperous journey.

"One of those little fellows," said Gilden, "will some day be coming to Philadelphia, or to the new federal city, if the

sent of government shall ever be removed to that place, as member of congress."

"Stranger things than that," said Edward, "happen every day in our country, where the avenues to public honour are open to all; and though this man has that extreme poverty which, in some places, is proof of great indolence or intemperance, yet judging from his air and manner, and the compactness of his little fixtures, it probably is not so with him, but the mere result of his being situated on a piece of land too poor to enable him to pay his rent and support his children while they are young. But in the country to which he is going, his children will, in a few years, be a source of wealth to him, and he will become rich, unless the facility of providing for a family makes him indolent, as I have known to be the case with some who have removed from the poor sandy lands on Tidewater to the fertile soil of Frederick."

They now left the road which Phill was accustomed to take in their visits to

colonel Grayson's estate in Charlestown City. Edward had a great facility in losing himself, and Phill was in a road which he had never before travelled. They had not proceeded far before they came to the fork in the highway, where a guide-post had once stood for the information of the traveller, but which, with a disinterested love of mischief (what Mr. Bentham calls the pleasure of malice), had been struck down.

They took the right hand, the one which seemed most in the proper course, and followed a road on a barren ridge, on which there was neither house nor plantation to be seen for several miles, until they overtook a man from the western part of the state, with a small drove of horses, going to Fredericksburg and Richmond, who, in answer to their inquiries, informed them that he was not well acquainted in that part of the country, but he believed they should have taken the left hand. At length they saw a small log-house on the road side in a bottom, and



there they learnt that they had travelled a considerable distance out of the way; and directions somewhat intricate were given by the man whom they saw. He directed them to take the first two right hands, and then to keep straight forward till they came to a big road, and after keeping down that half a mile, to turn short to the left; and keep that until they crossed a branch; after crossing which, they were to take the right, and then the left in an old field, which would bring them into the main road they had left.

They endeavoured to follow these directions as closely as they could; but sometimes they came by roads leading to neighbouring houses and farms, which their informant had not thought worthy of notice, but which appeared to them not likely to have been overlooked, and gave rise to much doubt and uncertainty. On one of these occasions they took the wrong road, and after several vain attempts to get right, they fell into a large road, which they presumed was the one they had left.

and keeping on for some distance, looking out for the house they wished to reach, they at length spied a small building about two hundred yards from the road, where Primus was sent to inquire the way. He soon returned, with the unwelcome intelligence that they had again mistaken the road; that the house they inquired for was at least five or six miles off, over a rough, hilly way, and that there was no place of entertainment near; but that a gentleman lived a mile and a piece before—a colonel Mason, who was in the habit of accommodating travellers that happened to be benighted, and had lost their way. They accordingly proceeded on with some alacrity; for though the gentleman was unknown both to Edward and his sister, yet they had often heard of his hospitality.

In a brisk trot, which the horses, now wishing to get to their night's quarters, readily struck into, they came to a large gate on the road, and, by the aid of the moonlight, saw a large white house about a quarter of a mile from it. Primus was

dispatched with compliments to colonel Mason, and to say, that Mr. Grayson, his sister, and a friend, would take it as a great favour if he would accommodate them for the night, as they had lost their way.—  
 "Tell them," said Phill, "the son of colonel Grayson, of Frederick," whose name he thought was a passport to a welcome every where.

Primus soon returned with a message, that colonel Mason would be very happy to see them, and before they drove up to the second gate, they saw lights in the front rooms, and a maid with a candle in the passage. A large and venerable old gentleman came out to meet them, and stood at the bottom of the steps which led to the little porch in front of the house, and handing Louisa out of the carriage, led her up the steps, and introduced her to his wife and daughter, who stood there ready to receive her. Edward introduced himself and his friend to the old gentleman, who in turn announced their names to the ladies of his household; and in a lit-

the time our travellers felt as much at home as if they had been among old and intimate acquaintances,

Colonel Mason having a good estate, and living near a road much travelled by persons passing between Alexandria and the western country, and on which there was no inn or house of entertainment for several miles, was frequently applied to for quarters, and his hospitable doors were always open on such occasions, not only to the wayfaring traveller, but also to the wealthy families of the lower country, who sought pleasure or health at the watering-places across the mountains. His wife, a friendly, good-humoured little woman, was also well pleased, at these times, to second the kind disposition of her spouse, to shew her talent at housewifery, and to hear the news of the leading families of her acquaintance, their recent births, deaths, and marriages, as well as the matches then on foot, in which she took particular interest.

As neither Louisa nor Gildon were will-

ing to excite the observation or suspicion of strangers under existing circumstances, no opportunity was afforded him of a long conversation with her while at this hospitable mansion; but as he had contrived to be seated next her at the supper-table, he could not forbear touching on what had been for some days ever present to the minds of both—their separation the next day; and in spite of the strong effort she made to hide what was passing in her bosom, the rising tear might have been seen in her eye. Without turning her face towards him, she begged him to desist from further conversation on the subject; and, as if to compensate him for the seeming harshness of the request, she slipped into his hand, unperceived by any eye, a small paper, which he found afterwards to contain a topaz ring, on the inside of which was inscribed "Louisa," and which she had intended to give him on the following day.

The next morning they took leave of

their kind-entertainers, who did not fail to insist on their guests all promising, that they would never pass that way without calling on them; and after travelling about an hour, they came to the road, where it had been determined that Gildon was to leave them. He had been in hopes that Edward would have given him an opportunity of a private conversation with his sister at the door of the carriage, though but for a few minutes, and as he himself rode at a slackened pace, he frequently, by way of hint, reminded his friend that he was about to take leave of them. Finding however that Edward's sense of propriety did not accord with his wishes, he took a hurried and abrupt adieu both of him and of Louisa, and turned his horse's head towards Colechester, on his way to Mount Vernon.

Louisa did not attempt to conceal her grief at parting with her lover; but no longer striving against the feelings which agitated her, she yielded to all the violence of her emotions, and as the carriage pro-

ceeded sobbed aloud. Edward, who knew what she felt, sympathized with her most truly, but avoided as much as possible seeming to observe her distress; and thus the day passed in gloomy silence—both the brother and sister lamenting their cruel fate, and the crosses and obstacles which opposed them on their first entrance into life. Gildon too rode off with a heavy heart, for he loved with a real affection; but his love was of a less pure and disinterested character than theirs; and besides, he had a buoyancy of spirit that bore him up under misfortune, and which almost always made him look forward to some more favourable future, when the clouds which then hovered over him would be dissipated, and leave a clear sky and comfortable sunshine. He felt the existing disappointment most keenly; but he was supported by an entire confidence, that, sooner or later, his love would be successful and happy.

His present plan was, to visit Mount

Vernon, Monticello, and the Natural Bridge, to attend the races of Fredericksburg, and then return to New-York, and use all the address he was master of to procure his father's consent; but if he failed, to return, insist on the hand of Louisa, and trust to his father's forgiveness and the chances of fortune for the rest. Yet it must not be supposed that this was the settled determination of a firm and decisive mind, who, deliberately weighing all the arguments for and against a particular measure or course of conduct, and ascertaining what is best in a choice of difficulties, makes his selection, and thenceforward pursues it with steadiness and earnestness; no, it was rather the impulse of feeling than of judgment—the predominance of one inclination over another. He had frequently vacillated between this course, and that of forcibly breaking off from Louisa, and then returning to New-York, for the purpose of renewing his addresses to Miss De Peyster. Indeed, after he seemed to have made his determination, he had con-



considerable misgivings about the propriety and even practicability of his course. His father's obduracy, the opposition of Louisa's friends, and the desperate plan of marrying without the means of supporting a family in comfort, much less in the style he wished, seemed at times to be insuperable objections to the gratification of his wishes. But when he saw Louisa, conversed with her, perceived the warmth of her affection, in her whole look and manner, and received her enthusiastic yet innocent assurances of regard, his fears and his prudence both gave way, and he yielded only to the suggestions of love. He had been on the point of insisting, as his hints to that purpose were not regarded by Edward, on being permitted to accompany them to Stanley; and he perhaps had done so, if it had not in some measure thwarted his plans; besides, he had prevailed on his father to give his consent, that before he returned to New-York, he should avail himself of the only opportunity he might ever have of visiting the seats of

The two most conspicuous personages in the state of Virginia, as well as its most celebrated natural curiosity, and he had not more time than was sufficient for these purposes.

Edward and Louisa reached Stanley, the seat of colonel Barton, in the county of Stafford, about noon. The mansion-house is pleasantly situated on an eminence about half a mile from the Potomac, whose broad stream it overlooks for seven or eight miles up and down the river. As their visit had been announced by letter, they had been anxiously expected for several days; and Miss Barton, the eldest daughter of their entertainers, about the age of Louisa, was overjoyed to embrace her friend, after an absence of nearly two years. Two of her sisters were married, one of whom, with her husband Mr. Jones, was then on a visit to pass the summer at Stanley. There was also in the house a brother of Mr. Jones, who was an admirer of Miss Julia, and a young Scotchman, the schoolmaster of the younger children;

so that the family ordinarily consisted of fourteen or fifteen. The extensive law grounds, stretching in a perfect level towards the river, and gently undulating on the north side of the house, formed an agreeable contrast (from its novelty) to the mountainous and woody country they had just left, though they were inferior in point of fertility. The house was of brick, and consisted of a wide passage through the middle, with two rooms on each side, both above and below stairs. There was besides a small building near the main one, in which there were two lodging-rooms, that were occasionally occupied by young gentlemen and other visitors. The known hospitality of colonel Barton invited a great resort of company in that part of the country, where visiting, and junketing, and merrymaking, were at that time followed as the chief business of life. It was indeed in the neighbourhood of Choptank, called Doctank, whose inhabitants have from time immemorial been remarkable for their love of barbecues, fish-fries, cock-

fight, horse-races, and balls. They were great epicures at the table—fond of dress and dancing, and every species of sport and revel. Frank Barton, colonel Barton's eldest son, had long been one of this fraternity of *bons vivants*, and he spent the most of his time from home with his gay companions of King George, Westmoreland, and the neighbouring counties, in hunting, fishing, shooting, dancing, or fiddling. The colonel was a hale, hearty-looking man, of about fifty-five, of a fair character, and with a pleasing urbanity of manner, united to great frankness and ease. It was impossible to treat him with disrespect, and yet the deference shewn to his age and worth was entirely free from awe. Mrs. Barton was about six years his junior, but her face being fat and free from wrinkles, she appeared to be still younger. She was a very lively, laughing old lady, and never was better pleased than when she saw the young people happy and making merry.

It scarcely ever happened, in the sum-

mer or winter, that some two or three families, commonly their relatives, but sometimes others, were not domesticated with them. Living in a county abounding with fish, oysters, and crabs, wild duck, and other water-fowl, and surrounded by woods furnished with deer, and hares, and squirrels, or by pastures tolerable for cattle and excellent for sheep, they always had a good table. The old gentleman imported his wine from Madeira, and his porter from England. Cider, of the Hughes' Crab and Royal Wilding, he made from his own orchard. A very large garden, containing several acres, in which the gratification of the eye was a secondary object, furnished every variety of vegetable and fruit produced in the country, in the greatest abundance. A boat, equipped with an awning, oars, and sails, was always ready for the accommodation of those who either wished to cross the river, to go on a fishing excursion, or to sail or row up and down the river on a party of pleasure.

Besides, as a farther provision against ennui, there were also backgammon, shuttlecock, chess, and cards, an old harpsichord, a flute, a violin; and two or three book-cases of books, which were exclusively those that had been of greatest celebrity when colonel Barton was a young man. With all these means of getting rid of time, it yet seemed sometimes to pass on heavily, in the intervals between breakfast and dinner, and dinner and supper; but at these times, it must be confessed, there were few sorry hearts or sad faces: Mrs. Barton's loud and good-humoured laughs, the colonel's lively jests and urbane suavity of manners, and their excellent fare, made every one cheerful and happy.

Julia Barton quickly perceived the alteration that had taken place in her once gay and almost volatile friend. Instead of that incessant lively prattle which formerly distinguished her, she was now silent and reserved, seldom laughing, and never in that careless joyousness of man-

ness for which she was once so remarkable. Perceiving that she manifested a wish of being alone, and was frequently absent and abstracted when in company, Julia that evening made the inquiries which friendship dictated, and after some little hesitation, she brought Louisa to disclose every thing. Indeed, Miss Barton had known of Gildon's attentions to Louisa, and that they were favourably received; but she had not been apprized of the difficulties in the way of their marriage.

Louisa, after this frank disclosure, found in the sympathizing bosom of her friend, the greatest consolation that affliction of any kind can know, but more especially the anxieties of love. From this time her attachment, and the difficulties which attended it, and the hopes it held out, formed the principal theme of conversation with these young friends, and would have occupied them often the whole night, as well as the day, if Julia had not been so much more disposed to sleep than her guest. When, however, she was wide

awake, she took a lively interest in her cousin's affairs; and amidst all the sufferings which touched her sympathy, she saw in Louisa's fate as much to admire as to pity.

Brought up in ease and affluence, and indulged in all her whims, Julia Barton had somewhat of that proneness to discontent which unvarying prosperity is apt to produce. Devoting the chief part of her leisure to novel-reading, she saw every thing through the false medium which these delusive pictures of life are apt to create; and nothing interested her much, except as she thought she could discover in it a resemblance to these same ideal pictures. The height of her ambition was to be a heroine of romance, and she often deplored her wayward fate in secret, that her life should glide on in one dull, unruffled quiet, exempt from those tender distresses, and delicate sorrows, which constitute the charm of so many romantic tales; all had gone with her too smoothly and too soberly, and she saw no prospect



of her meeting with any more remarkable adventures, or perplexities, or interesting incidents, than her mother and grandmother before her. It was owing to this frame of mind, that the young gentleman then in the house, and the brother of her sister's husband, had been kept in a state of suspense for nearly a year.

Nathaniel Jones, or Nat Jones, as he was called in the neighbourhood, possessed the solid recommendations of a good estate, a respectable understanding, a fair character, and an amiable temper; but having known him from his infancy, and seeing in him nothing more than she saw in most of the young men of the Northern Neck, except more moderation and sobriety of character, she could not bring herself to regard him as a lover, though before he took upon himself that character, his uniform propriety of deportment had made him a great favourite. His name too, so little like that of a hero of romance, was a great damper of his success; and the cordial approbation which his suit met

with from John's friends, was a further disadvantage. She did not indeed dislike Mr. Jones, and she always treated him with civility, as she did every other person, but she could not readily bring herself to look upon one as her lover whom she had known from her infancy—who was not a foundling, nor even an orphan, and whose suit went on in the plain everyday course that all the matches in the neighbourhood were made. Had there been any opposition on either side—had there been any mystery, any singular circumstances, connected with his suit, there is no doubt that the esteem she already felt for him would have soon ripened into love. She found, in the affairs of her cousin, all that sentimental distress and difficulty of situation which she so much coveted, and she could not but view Louisa, in the midst of her misfortunes, as an object more of envy than compassion. When she disclosed her own love affairs to her friend, she even felt ashamed that every thing connected with them should

appear in so homely and rustic a style. She was agreeably disappointed when Louisa congratulated her on the bright prospects of happiness before her, and wondered she could for a moment hesitate about accepting a man, who to an agreeable person and amiable disposition, added all the qualifications which her considerate friends deemed necessary. Louisa indeed at first suspected that her heart must be preengaged; but finding that was not the case, she expostulated with her, and forcibly contrasted Julia's happy lot with her own.

We will now leave these young ladies, so differently the victims of sentiment; for the one was afflicted at the obstacles in the way of her attachment, and the other lamented that she had no obstacles to encounter—let us leave them to attend Edward, who, after he had rested himself and his cavalry for two days, set off for Richmond, where he proposed to have an interview with his father's counsel, and after remaining there, and at the old fa-

mily mansion in Charles City, till the sickly season was over in Williamsburg, to go to that place, for the purpose of attending the law lectures.

He passed through Fredericksburg, which he reached the following night. He stopped at a much frequented tavern there, and found several young men smoking cigars, and discussing the merits of general Washington's farewell address, which had been published a short time before. Some of them greatly admired it; some found fault with its sentiments, though they approved the style; and one or two condemned both. In the course of the evening the company was composed of half a dozen different sets, most of whom were dressed in the extreme of the fashion, either smoked cigars or chewed tobacco, were zealous republicans, and commonly addressed one another by the title of "citizen."

One young man, more neatly, but less fashionably dressed than the rest, rebuked another, who, in offensive and indecorous

language, was reviling the character of the president; and observed, that if we were sure that we were right, and the president wrong, no one could doubt his upright intentions, and that for a single cause of dissatisfaction (the ratification of Jay's treaty), we ought never to forget the services he had rendered the country. Upon which a small man, wearing a calico gown, and who had several times attempted to make himself heard, now stepped forward, and in a tone and manner that commanded attention, said—"Nay, sir, if gratitude for past services should make us swerve from present duties, or hinder us from doing justice, it is a vice and not a virtue." He proceeded to demonstrate his proposition according to the doctrines of Godwin's Political Justice, then getting into vogue, and zealously propagated by a few enthusiasts in that section of the country. The young philosopher was fluent, ardent, and specious; and those whom he did not convince, he confounded, until he drove from the field of dispute every antagonist.

Edward, who felt an extreme repugnance to the doctrines he then heard, was strongly inclined to express his disapprobation of them, if nothing more; but being a stranger, and more than that, not liking the politics of those whose moral doctrines he agreed with, he became neutralized, and remained silent.

The next morning he arose early, and having visited the house in which the illustrious Washington had once lived, and where his venerable mother then tottered on the verge of the grave, he set off for Richmond, and in the evening reached Hanover Court-house, where the self-treated orator, Patrick Henry, began his career of eloquence, and where our traveler was very well accommodated; and the next day he reached the Swan Tavern in Richmond to dinner. He passed the evening in walking along the bank of the river, and about Mayo's Bridge, then building, and in writing to his mother and sister. In the morning he called on his lawyer, Mr. —, at that time in the

zenith of his reputation: he told Edward, that the case in which his father was sued as a surety would be argued at the succeeding term—that there was little chance of his being able to get clear of paying the debt, and he recommended a compromise, if one could be effected. In the afternoon he walked down to the Brick-row, now E—— street, to the billiard-table, and to his great surprise he there saw the same eminent counsel, busily engaged at play, and betting very freely. He was easy and familiar with every one; and if there was not a great deal of the forms of respect paid to him, their place was amply supplied with the affection and good-will they evidently bore towards him.

Edward expressed some surprise at what he saw to a young man, with whom he was slightly acquainted, and learned that this distinguished advocate was devoted to billiards, dice, and faro-bank—that he often spent the best part of the night at some noted gaming-house, where

he lost a large portion of the gains which his fame and talents had acquired.

During his stay here, Edward was introduced to a society of young gentlemen in this town, consisting principally of students at law, where legal, moral, and political questions were discussed with a good deal of ability and ingenuity. Most of its members, who have not found a premature grave, have obtained a distinguished standing in society, and some of them have filled the highest honours of the country. At first, Edward's haughty reserve prevented their seeing and knowing his worth, but after a while, he became a great favourite with them. By these means he was introduced into several genteel houses, and saw females whose charms he could not have beheld with indifference, if he had not been fortified with a previous attachment.

Parties were more distinctly formed and more widely separated here than he had seen them in Frederick; and there was but little intercourse, certainly none that



was cordial, between the leading families of the two parties. The merits of the British treaty had been busily discussed throughout the preceding winter and the current year, and it still formed a very common topic of abuse for one party, and of apology for the other. The party to which Edward belonged was the strongest in numbers as well as talents; and he would have found the place and its inhabitants very much to his liking, if the condition of his affairs had permitted him to remain there.

After staying some eight or ten days in the metropolis, he set off for Easton, the place of his nativity in Charles City. If he had never visited this spot in the height of his prosperity, without a feeling of melancholy which an appearance of decay and desertion always inspires, how must it be now that it was about to pass into strange hands! Formerly, the sadness he felt arose from the vague impression of the uncertainty and instability of all human possessions; but now, the sight

of this venerable seat of his ancestors reminded him of the fall of his family from their former opulence and consequence to the most absolute poverty; and the tender and not unpleasing melancholy he had formerly experienced, was exchanged for a bitterness of feeling and soreness of the heart which had nothing in it consolatory or agreeable.

The house was a large one for the time and country in which it was erected; it consisted of a quadrangular building in the centre, and two wings, to each of which the different offices were attached, so as that the whole extended to a great length. It stood within two hundred yards of the river, to the banks of which the ground, well coated with turf, had a gradual and regular slope. On one side of the house was an extensive garden, running parallel to the river. A wide plain, stretching to a great distance back of the mansion, was divided into large fields, which were every year shifted from Indian corn or wheat to extensive pas-

tions covered with houses and cattle; but on the other side, a tongue of woodland ran within a quarter of a mile of the house, and furnished it with fuel. Near this point, and a little behind it, "the Quarters," as it was called, was situated, and which the huts of the negroes were arranged nearly in a line, to each of which was attached a little garden. In front of the house, covering the way, were two rows of catalpas, and behind several very large oaks, some of them in a state of decay from age, gave a venerable air to the building. The house was of brick, and had suffered from the natural injuries of time before Colonel Grayson came to the possession of it. He had, however, as long as he lived in it, kept it in tolerable repair. Since he had removed to Frederick, he had by degrees suffered it to be neglected, and it was now in a state of evident dilapidation. Most of the windows wanted some panes of glass, and in a few the sashes themselves were broken out. Several of the outer doors had not

ted at the bottoms, as had also the threshold and window sills. Moss had grown about the steps, and the stones of which they were made had either sunk in, or, by the gradual action of frost and vegetation, had been moved from their original places, and afforded between their interstices nourishment for the plantain, the dock, and dandelion, and underneath them, an asylum for lizards, frogs, and toads.

An old man, who had long since been past labour, but whose tried fidelity recommended him for such a duty, had the charge of airing the house, and keeping it in order for the reception of such of the family as occasionally visited it. One wing had been for some time occupied by the overseer, or manager—a smooth, plausible, voluble man, who had got the blind side of colonel Grayson in his lifetime, and had maintained himself in the good opinion of the family ever since. Old Bristol, or Bristow, as he was commonly called, was engaged in cobbling his shoes, with the aid of a pair of spectacles, in the

kitchen door, when Primus, opening the gate, called out—"Uncle Bristow, master Edward is come."

The old man laid down the implements of his industry, and came tottering with age to welcome his young master.

"How goes it, uncle Bristow," said Edward, offering his hand with a more mournful feeling than he had ever before greeted the old man—"and how are you all?"

"Oh, master, I am up and about, thank God! Aggy has been complaining of pains in her bones. There is several of the people at the Quarter that have agues,"

"And where is Mr. Cutchins?"

"He is gone to Petersburg to engage the wheat."

"How are the crops?"

"I heard the overseer say the wheat would not turn out well. We had a wet harvest, and the weevil got in it before he found time to tread it out. I told him it was always our rule, in Mr. Ward's time,

to get out our wheat before the full moon in August. Most of the corn is mighty bad, but it is pretty good on the river."

Thus the faithful old servant went on detailing all the particulars relative to the estate, as far as he remembered, and had been able to procure information from the younger and more active part of the slaves. A smart lively boy now came in, and bowing to Edward, said—"Mistress bid me ask, sir, if you have dined."

"I have not," said he,—"What boy is that, uncle Bristow?"

"That is a boy Mr. Cutchins bought this summer."

"I wonder Cutchins lays out all his gains in purchasing negroes, and does not buy land."

Bristow smiled.—"I believe Mr. Cutchins' got money enough to buy land and niggers too."

"How can that be?" said Edward.

"Oh, master, Mr. Cutchins' a mighty money-making man: he rents a little plantation of old colonel Cocke; he make

fine crops, and sell wheat and corn; and he make good crops whether we do or not."

"Ah, uncle Bristow, I see you have still your old suspicions. I am afraid Mr. Cutchins and you are on no better terms than formerly."

"No, master—Mr. Cutchins use me very well, absept that he take Aggy's cow when she had a calf, and give a good chance of milk, and give Aggy another. Absepting this, Mr. Cutchins use me very well; but I don't think it right for overseers to make so much money out of their employer. He's gone now to Petersburg to sell wheat, and Diek says he means to have it ground into flour."

"Well, if he does," said Edward, "I have no doubt he will render a just account of it. I believe him to be very honest, as well as fit for business; but we shall not long have occasion for his services, Bristow."

"Well, thank God for that, master," said Bristow.

"I mean," said Edward, "there is every reason to believe that the debts which have come against my father's estate will make it necessary that the plantation should be broken up, and every thing sold."

"What! niggers and all?" said Bristow, with an accent of alarm.

"I fear so," said Edward.

The old man shook his head.—"I was afraid it would come to this. I told Aggy I was sure, from the way things were carried on here, that every thing would be sold. And what is to become of my poor mistress?"

"My mother is reconciled to the change. I am in hopes there will be enough left to make her comfortable," endeavouring to cheat himself as well as this faithful domestic.

"And will the people be sold at public sale?"

"No, uncle Bristow, I will never consent to that: they shall be sold with the land to some good man, so that their situation will be no worse than it has been."



“ Well, thank God for that ! But did ever I think to see the day when this place was to go from the Graysons ? ”

Edward, whose family pride and attachment to the residence of his ancestors were sufficiently excited before, heard these lamentations of this affectionate slave, who had grown grey in their service, with great pain ; when the little mulatto again made his appearance and told Edward that dinner was ready.

Mrs. Cutchins received him very kindly, and he found her greatly improved in dress and appearance since he saw her the year before, and several new articles of furniture indicated a correspondent change in their condition. He sat down to a broiled chicken and fried ham, with several dishes of vegetables, the whole served up in the same style of neatness for which Mrs. Cutchins had ever been remarked and praised, but in one of greater expence. She gave him a melancholy detail of the sickness of the negroes, and the various mishaps of the crops of wheat and corn—

the death of horses, and cattle, and hogs; adding, that her husband had gone to make sale of the wheat, but it was so injured, he feared it would not turn out much.

"He means to have it ground I hear."

"Yes, sir, he said he should see which would prove the best for the estate. He is always planning, Mr. Grayson, how he can manage every thing to the best advantage, especially as the wheat turned out so badly.---But you don't eat any thing, Mr. Grayson; you cannot put up with my plain fare."

"Your dinner is very good, Mrs. Cutchins, and I have done justice to it."

"Won't you taste my preserves? I made them expecting to see some of the family," said the dame, putting a nice white loaf before him, with one plate of butter, and another of preserved raspberries.

Having finished his repast, he walked into the garden, that was endeared to him by the recollection of his boyish days---

where he had percolated the earliest figs, the ripest pears, or the best melons, or had run races with some of his boyish companions. He found the gravelled walks grown up with weeds and grass, the beds broken down, the espaliers in decay, some inclining towards the ground, and others actually down. Two or three large fig-trees that had been annually trimmed, now in unpruned luxuriance, wore a more flourishing appearance than he had ever seen them. The vines were loaded with grapes, some of which were now ripe. The lilacs and altheas had grown very much, and the latter were just losing their rich bloom. In the corner next the house, two or three squares, negligently cultivated, furnished the overseer with cabbages, pulse, and other common vegetables. The late flowering shrubs appeared here and there, brightening the scene with their gay hues; but shewing, by their diminished size, and irregular dispersion, that art had had no hand in their production. In the farther division of the gar-

den there had formerly been a choice collection of fruit trees, many of which were in full bearing, but for want of pruning they were overloaded with fruit, or had been the prey of some destructive insect. A few apricots appeared to be ripe, and he plucked one and tasted it, but it appeared to him a different fruit from what it had been six years before, for it had been so long since he had been here at this season.

He went down to the bank of the majestic James River, there upwards of two miles wide, and walked along the beach. He had a lively recollection of his boyish feelings, when he had searched in the rubbish which the tide had cast up for something curious or valuable, and found nothing but a chip or refuse piece of carpenter's work. He remembered the buoyancy and elasticity of spirit with which he used to run along the beach of soft white sand, at this season of the year, when the air was neither warm nor cold, and when the bare consciousness of existence was a source of lively pleasure; or when he would

jump into the boat which his father kept, and would assist in putting any one across who had missed the neighbouring ferry, or had not time to reach it; or would join the parties which hooked the sturgeon, or hauled the seine; or go on board the vessels that appeared to have come from sea, for the purpose of purchasing oranges or cocoa-nuts. All these early adventures came fresh into his mind, as he viewed the scenes where they had occurred, and added new poignancy to his regrets at parting with a spot so endeared to him. How different, it often seemed to him, would have been his lot, if he had been able to call Matilda his own; when, blessed in mutual affection, he could have walked with her along the beach, and recounted to her some of his boyish adventures or rash exploits: he then recollected that all this might easily have taken place, and that the same untoward course of events which compelled him to sell his patrimonial estate also thwarted his love.

He involuntarily censured his father; and he was emphatically of opinion, that prudence was the first of virtues.

In this melancholy musing, he saw a boat rowing towards him, and in a little while he descried Catchina, with his horse, on his return from Petersburg. This adroit politician, who felt none of that extreme delight at seeing any of the Grayson family which he pretended, shook Edward by the hand most cordially, and said he had been looking for him for some time; that he had been endeavouring to dispose of the wheat, as he thought he could do better with it in Petersburg, though it was a little further to carry it than to Richmond; that he had been dissatisfied with the merchant at the latter place, both on account of the weights, and in settling the price.

"But I thought," said Edward, "you meant to turn it into flour?"

"Why, no—yes, I meant to turn a part into flour, by way of trial. And how is Mrs. Grayson, and all the family? You

look very well, Mr. Grayson. I wonder we had not seen you when you was in Williamsburg last winter."

Though his account of the disposition of the wheat did not agree with that of Mrs. Cutchins, he perfectly coincided with her in the quantity and quality of the crop, and of the great loss in horses, hogs, &c.; in the frequent sickness of the negroes, and of the quantity of salts, and tartar, and ipecac, he had used—he averred he was as good a doctor as any body, and could not bear to see these gentry running off with all the profits of an article; that if he had sent for a doctor as often as they had been accustomed to do when doctor Riker used to attend, it would have swallowed up half the estate.

Edward, imposed upon by these professions of zeal and fidelity, thanked him for his prudence in managing the estate, but cautioned him against relying on his own skill, and enjoined him to call in a physician whenever the disease was out of the common way, or at all violent.

Cutchins then remarked, that he had been wishing to see him, or his mother, for some time, to speak with them on an important subject, and he hated to do it too, but he had a growing family which he was obliged to provide for. After more of this sort of prelude to a request which one expects may be refused, or rather which he knows ought to be refused, he said, that great as was his regard for the family, it would be impossible for him to continue there, unless his salary was raised.

Edward felt unaffected surprise at this declaration, as he had always heard that his father had been very liberal with this man, and he knew that the profits of the estate would not justify a greater stipend. He therefore told him that he was sorry, on his account, to learn that he did not find his present situation profitable, but he had understood he often purchased property.

He replied, that he had bought one or two negroes lately, but they were great



bargains, and all the money had not been paid yet.

Edward repeated his regret, and then told him that in all probability the estate would soon pass into other hands.

This news, of which some vague rumour had reached Cutchins before, gave him more concern than surprise; he knew that he could never meet with persons so easily imposed upon, even if he could be sure of being employed. He was sincere then in the sorrow which he expressed, and made particular inquiries when and how the sale was to be made; and when Edward told him that the whole would be sold together, he urged on him most earnestly the great sacrifice he would make in such a sale; told him the land, by being divided into three or four parts, would bring twice as much; and that the slaves might be sold in families, if he did not wish to separate them. He even inquired if he would not sell him a small part of the land, which he named, running from the river, and taking in all that poor land on

the hill. Edward looked at him with a mixture of surprise and suspicion, remarking, that he had not supposed him in a situation to purchase. He very promptly said, that he had a friend who had money, and who had promised to befriend him, in case he should not continue longer at Hinton.

The confidence of Edward, thus finally shaken by the repeated attacks which had been made on it, was not so speedily restored; and he contented himself with saying that he expected the whole of the tract would go together, if a purchaser could be found. Catchins was dissatisfied, observing, that one man's money was as good as another; and, as if resenting ill treatment, was evidently less respectful to Edward than he had ever before been.

They then went to the part of the house occupied by Catchins, who gave an account to his wife of his expedition, and of his endeavours to make the most of his crop.

"I tell Mr. Grayson," said Mrs. Cat-

chins, "you are always planning how to make the estate profitable."

"Yes, I have been doing my best, day and night, for nine years come Christmas, and I don't know that I shall get any more thanks than them that do nothing."

"Why, what's the matter now," said his wife, somewhat perturbed—"has that old hyponite been trying to make mischief with Mr. Grayson? He threatened me the other day, because I would not let him have the best cow on the land, that he would take satisfaction."

"How you talk, wife!" said Catchins; "do you think I care what old Bristow tells? Mr. Grayson has too much sense to be listening to negroes' news; and if he was, thank God, I am a free man, and can shift for myself. But the matter is this—Mr. Grayson tells me, the estate, land, negroes and all, is soon to be sold to pay his father's debts, and I wanted to buy a scrap of low ground, with the poor ridge, and the worn out old field joining it. I could

borrow the money, and he don't seem willing to divide it."

Mrs. Cutchins's first sensation was surprise, that Easton was to pass from the hands of those who had owned it from her earliest recollection; but soon having an eye to her husband's interest, and taking his cue, said—"Why to be sure, John Cutchins, you would not want to buy broom straw? If I did buy land, I would buy some that would produce—though may be you expected, that poor land poor price."

"The place is not worth much, to be sure," says Cutchins; "but I thought that if it was taken off, it might help the sale of the rest, and that may be I might make out to purchase it."

Edward said he should be governed by the advice of his friends, but as he was determined not to separate the negroes, he did not think the tract was too large. He might not have had his eyes so easily open to the selfish views of these narrow-minded people, if they had not too plainly

shown, that they regarded him very differently, when seen as the heir of a large estate, and when, stripped of his patrimony, he, like themselves, had his fortune to make—so much more sharp-sighted are we in detecting the faults of those who chance to displease us.

The next morning Cutchins, who had recollected it was still to his advantage to keep on fair terms with Edward, resumed his habitual smoothness and courtesy, and extolled the value of the estate, and of the negroes, and gave advice about the most advantageous mode of disposing of the cattle and stock. He laid before Edward his accounts of disbursements and receipts for the estate, all of which he explained and accounted for with a wonderful glibness; and although he was not able to restore the former confidence of Edward, his explanations were too plausible for one who was both liberal and inexperienced to detect their errors. The result of the whole was, that before the sale of the present crop of wheat, he was, by the

purchase of negro-clothing; the payment of taxes, blacksmith's work, and other necessary expenses, and the few orders he had discharged, in advance for the estate.

Edward then rode over the land, and visited the negro quarters. He found them more uncomfortable in clothing, and in their little dwellings, than he had ever before seen them. Several were sick with agues; these were badly nursed, and ill supplied with medicines, and their little articles of diet, which are of still more importance in slight diseases. Throughout the whole body of them, an air of sadness, and sometimes of sullen discontent, manifested itself in their behaviour towards him; for the news that they were to be sold had flown like wildfire, as soon as Bristol had told Aggy, and Aggy had told all she met with.—“So you are going to sell us, my young master—and we are all to be sold,” said first one and then another; while some were too proud to give utterance to their complaints. Edward endeavoured to soften the un-

welcome intelligence, by telling them of his resolution not to separate them; for which act of kindness some warmly thanked him, while others looked incredulous. He found the crop of Indian corn a very small one, the blame of which, both Bristow and several others threw on the overseer, though, to say the truth, the chief cause was in the unusual drought they had experienced in July and August. He found the horses to be greatly diminished in number, and deteriorated in value; all of which disasters Cutchins accounted for in the most prompt and satisfactory manner.

Edward rode back, still more dissatisfied with the manager than before; but he soon found that he had no good reason to complain of Mrs. Cutchins's management, whatever he might of her husband's. They had taken especial pains to give him a nice dinner, and Cutchins remarked, that his "old woman" would send up to Sam Hook's for a piece of sturgeon, as she supposed it was a rarity to him; in addi-

tion to which, they had procured for him a dish of soras ; and if the truth must be told, the sight of this well-known rarity made him for a moment forget his vexations and suspicions, and even Matilda herself. This delicious little bird, a species of the rail, is taken about the month of September, in great numbers, in the swampy grounds of this and the neighbouring counties. Figs, peaches, grapes, apricots, water melons, and musk melons, all were produced, to tempt the palate and win the favour of their guest ; though Edward could not help fancying that they did not treat him with the same deferential respect which they had formerly done.

The next day, with the assistance of the ready and convenient Mr. Cutchins, he took an inventory of all the slaves, stock, and farming utensils, as well as the furniture, an operation in which he was assisted by old Bristow and Aggy, to whom it seemed to be even more painful than to himself.



"Will you sell the pictures too?" said the old man, in a tone still more of complaint than inquiry, and pointing to several family portraits which hung in the dining-room and parlour.

"No, uncle Bristow, we shall not part with them; but it may be necessary to go through the formality of selling them."

"That," said the old woman, "was my old master's mother, counsellor Grayson's eldest daughter. I remember the day she was married as well as if it was yesterday. —Don't you remember, old man, that governor Dunwoody was at the wedding?"

"I believe I do," says the old man; "and that was your aunt Betty, that married counsellor Nelson: she opened the ball at the Raleigh, with lord Botetourt, and they all said it was the grandest minuet that was ever seen."

"Ah, there was a gentleman for you, master Edward!" said the old woman; "my old master was always thought great at a bow, but he could not bow like lord Botetourt.—You see that little man in a

red coat, with the cocked hat under his arm—that was your uncle Carey, who had such a quarrel with the governor:” and thus they went on through all the rooms, taking an account of old chairs, bedsteads, presses, and tables, most of which brought to their minds some past occurrence, or piece of family history, or moral reflection. The newest and handsomest furniture of the house had been sent to Frederick in Colonel Grayson’s lifetime, though he was unwilling to remove the pictures of his family from the walls on which they had slept more than half a century. Edward having discharged this painful duty, and written to his mother, Mr. Trueheart, and Matilda, he visited his old neighbours, with whom he passed a few days, rather from a sense of propriety, and in gratitude for their past civilities, than any relish he found in the society of the cheerful and happy; he then set out for Williamsburg, which he reached the last day of September.

CHAPTER VI.  
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THERE are many persons now living who remember what Williamsburg was twenty-five or thirty years ago, and who can bear testimony to the rare union of good breeding and good fellowship which that place then exhibited. Here one met with the most cultivated minds, free from either the pedantry or rust that a life of study is apt to superinduce—the greatest simplicity of character, joined to the greatest polish of manners, and a style of delicate and even luxurious living, unaccompanied with that love of show and rivalry which so often poisons social enjoyment.

There were at that time, among the residents of this town, some fifteen or twenty families, who were in sufficiently easy circumstances to live well, but not to throw away money in ostentatious ex-

pence; they all, or nearly all, kept their carriages, gave dinners occasionally, and drank wine; and following no occupation that engrossed their time, the pleasures of society were at once more necessary to them, and more relished. There being no political contentions among them, no emulation among the ladies as to their furniture, their equipages, or their parties, they exhibited the harmony of one family. This happy circle consisted of judges of the federal or state courts, professors of the college, lawyers, physicians, and two or three gentlemen of fortune, who resided there for the sake of society, or of educating their children, the town containing not only the ancient college of William and Mary, but a respectable female boarding-school. They had all been well educated, and some of them were persons of learning and genius. In addition to the inhabitants of the town, those of the students who brought letters of introduction, or who were recommended by their own merits, always partook of the hospitality

of the old city, and added the graces of youth and ever-changing variety to the social circles. Visitors too came there from distant parts of the country, and often passed weeks, and even months, in a society which they found so fascinating.

The inhabitants possessed great advantages in furnishing their tables. The bays and creeks from James River on one side, and York River on the other, afforded them a variety of the best fish—roch, perch, sturgeon, sheepshead, bone-to, with the best oysters in the state, and a variety of wild fowl; crabs, soft and hard, when in season, were abundant; venison was always to be procured from some of the large tracts of forest land in the neighbourhood, that continued in their state of original wildness. As to other things, the neighbouring farmers had been in the habit of resorting to the market of Williamsburg, when it was the seat of government, and they retained much of the neatness and skill which the former encouragement had produced.

Thus amply possessed of the materials of good living, they did not churlishly nor stoically slight the bounties of nature, nor did they mar them, as is too often done, by bad cooking. Their tables might have satisfied the most fastidious epicure, provided his palate did not desiderate French cookery. These dainties of the table were diffused around by a generous hospitality; there never was a week that two or three dinners were not given to some three or four families of the circle that has been mentioned, and a few favoured students: and here might be really seen, what is so rarely seen, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Never was a little place so free from scandal and detraction: their subjects of serious conversation were generally politics, literature, science, the news of the day, foreign and domestic; and they bantered each other, with great freedom, on those little foibles or peculiarities which, though somewhat ludicrous to others, were either thought pardonable, or were

redeemed by some associated good quality of the possessor. Nor was their mirth ever stimulated by wine, or adulterated by gaming: now and then, when the tide of hilarity was at its height, and there were none but the most intimate friends present, they would partake of the little plays of forfeit with the young people, in which the gravest among them, in the lively recollection of the days of their youth, would take a part; and on these occasions there was a rivalry of wits in imposing the penalties. At other times, where the circle happened to be more literary, they employed themselves in making extemporary charades or epigrams, or filling up *bouts rimés*; and at their *petit soupers*, one might sometimes hear unpremeditated effusions of wit, that would have discredited no grade of talent or course of preparation.

While party politics were poisoning social intercourse in other parts of the Union, and arraying the son against the

father, and brother against brother, in this happily-constituted society they only served to give a little zest and variety to conversation, or to furnish materials for good-humoured raillery. It even happened, that those who were most nearly drawn together by the cords of friendship, were of different sides, and the difference served, like the acid in punch, to make the mixture more palatable. The parties were nearly balanced in numbers and talents, and politics seldom were treated as a serious business, except during the time of electing a delegate to the assembly, or voting for a member of congress, when individual efforts were exerted in proportion as they were felt, and at which times party zeal produced somewhat of the hostile and bitter spirit which is its natural fruit; but which, however, was certain to fly off in an invisible vapour at the first dinner at which the adversaries met.

The little love affairs of the students, their balls and parties, and their nightly riots, in which they removed garden-seats,



pulled up horse-racks, and now and then broke two or three panes of glass for some unpopular inhabitant, were incidents of note in this peaceful, happy village, and formed topics of discussion in every circle. Such another place perhaps does not exist, where the pure pleasures of society can be enjoyed without those banes which ordinarily attend it; for here one saw the advantages of wealth without parade or rivalry, learning without pedantry or awkwardness, frankness without rusticity, refinement without insincerity or affectation, luxury unattended with gaming or any excess, and a free intercourse between the sexes with the most perfect innocence and purity of manners.

There might be other places in which they lived equally well, though that was not easy; but then one would be sure to find a good deal more of formality and punctilio. Richmond being much larger, afforded more of talent and intellectual cultivation; but the literary men in that city were absorbed in the duties of their

avocations or professions, and they were, besides, divided into two hostile political sects.

As to the state of manners in Williamsburg, there was a mixture of courtesy and ease, of frankness and politeness, of simplicity and delicacy, which partly resulted from its having been the former metropolis of the state, and in part from the peculiar circumstances that have been detailed; and as there was no theatre, no gaming in private houses, no public places or amusements, and no intrigues of any sort, society was cultivated and relished for its own sake. There is not one of those who composed that happy community who does not look back on the period of which we have been speaking as the sunny spot in the dreary field of existence—on which his memory dwells with peculiar complacency, and who does not feel a melancholy regret that those days are gone, never more to return.

Such was Williamsburg in October 1796, when Edward Grayson arrived at the

Raleigh, a long low house, with many little confined attic bedrooms, and two or three large ones below, in which the students gave their balls—or met to play billiards—or the daily ordinary was kept.

As soon as a young man was seen to stop at the door, over which stood, exposed to all weathers, the venerable bronze bust of the gallant knight who gave his name to the tavern, inquiries immediately ran through the village, “What new student has arrived?” “What is his name?” “Where is he from?” “Who is he?” And they were repeated until satisfactory answers were given. On this occasion, as Grayson had been there the year before, it was merely said that “Edward Grayson had returned to attend the law lectures.”

He found two or three students in town who had remained there all the summer, rather than return to their distant homes, and one or two others who had just arrived, and had not yet selected their lodgings, (as by the regulations of the faculty they were not compelled to live in the col-

lege,) and still continued at the Raleigh. They were all in the long piazza of the tavern when he arrived, anxiously awaiting the stage from Richmond, in which they looked for a reinforcement to relieve the dulness which always exists when one is in a town with nothing to do, and still more, when one sees a long street in which there is neither business nor people.

The students of the preceding session gave him a cordial welcome, though they had commonly thought him a proud and rather eccentric young man. They introduced him to the new comers, and in the course of an hour they all became well acquainted with each other; and disregarding their immediate pursuits for the present, undertook to settle the affairs of the nation.

After looking about a day or two, Edward engaged lodgings with a respectable widow lady, living not far from the college, who had two maiden daughters, one of whom had passed the prime of youth, but the other was young and handsome,

and they both were sensible and well bred. This house was recommended to him by its privacy, and by its having but one other boarder, who was also a student of law.

Having provided himself with lodgings, and engaged the washerwoman and hair-dresser which he had the preceding year, he prepared to attend the lectures on natural philosophy, then delivered by the venerable bishop Madison, who, to great industry in acquiring the discoveries of modern science, and much taste and judgment in combining them into a series of well-written essays, added great mildness and amenity of manners; and yet so delicate is the relation between teacher and pupil, he was not popular among the students.

Leaving Edward to the quiet prosecution of his studies, let us now turn to the gentle but high-minded Matilda. Possessed of a great portion of good sense and uncommon fortitude, she soon reconciled

her mind to the long separation from her lover, which she seemed about to experience, and she determined to wait with patience the result of the experiment he was making to obtain the consent of her family; and she so judiciously disposed of her leisure, that it was always employed to her profit or amusement.

She divided her time between books, music, drawing, decorating her bower, and cultivating her flowers. Nor was she inattentive to the active duties of life; she bore little share in the duties of house-keeping, but she occasionally executed some nice pieces of needlework; and in these innocent and laudable occupations, a good constitution, and the reward of self-approbation, cheered too by the hope of the society of him whom her heart worshipped, she probably enjoyed more unmingled happiness, than if all her fond wishes had been realized. She also took particular interest in two little orphan children, whose mother, the wife of a former overseer, had lingered some time before her

death, and whose premature fate had excited her commiseration. She had given to these children, when first bereaved of their parents, the attentions their helpless situation required; and what she had begun under the influence of lively sympathy, habit, and the pleasure which always attends active benevolence, soon made agreeable. She taught little Ruth and Sally Hodges to read, write, sew, and knit, and endeavoured to give them a taste for gardening. Aware too that it would be a mistaken and pernicious kindness to give them an education and ways of thinking unsuited to the walks of life in which they were destined to move, she always endeavoured to give them a taste for those pursuits and occupations in which they would probably be conversant; and in thus guiding her young *protégées*, she acquired a knowledge of many of the arts of housewifery, of which she had previously been almost totally ignorant—such as spinning, weaving, making soup, cook-

ing, and other arts, so essential to domestic comfort and economy.

She found such real satisfaction in these employments, that she conceived the plan of extending her eleemosynary efforts, and of opening a sort of school, in which the children of the neighbouring poor might be instructed in the same manner as her own favourite orphans; but her mother was so much opposed to it, and urged so many well-founded objections to its feasibility, that she soon abandoned the idea.

Mrs. Fawcner had flattered herself that after Edward had left the county, Matilda might by degrees be brought to give him up as a lover, now that she must be sensible he was not a suitable match for her; and under that expectation she more readily yielded to her daughter's plans of passing her time, some of which were not exactly to her taste. She also had hopes that Frederick Steener, who had been for some time past at the college of Lexington, would make a more favourable impression on Matilda, with her own well-



timed assistance, now that his rival was away; but in this expectation she made a false estimate of her own powers and her daughter's firmness.

A few days after Louisa and her brother had left the county, Matilda went into her mother's chamber, and asked her to walk into the garden.—“What new contrivance are you making now, Matilda? You are always doing and undoing, till you will spoil your bower after all.”

“I wish, mamma, to speak to you on a subject of more importance than the bower,” said Matilda seriously.

“Why what is the matter now? It is time, child, for you to be reasonable,” said Mrs. Fawkner, anticipating from her daughter's serious manner that it was on the subject of Edward.

“I shall endeavour to be so, madam.” She then told her mother her promise to Edward to write to him; that she would not consent to do so clandestinely; and that she held it her duty to let her mother know her intentions.

"And I never can consent that you shall be keeping up a correspondence with a young gentleman, giving rise to ill-natured reports and observations, and encouraging hopes that Edward Grayson ought now to abandon."

"Can you think, mamma," said Matilda, "that the partiality which I have so long felt for him, and which you yourself have contributed to create, can be so easily laid aside?"

"No, not at once, perhaps," said her mother, mistaking her meaning; "but if you are continually writing to one another, it never will be laid aside; you may be sure that the readiest way to get the better of your childish preference, is to have no further correspondence, and to banish him from your thoughts."

Matilda looked at her mother with surprise and concern.—"I never can do that, madam, whether I write to him or not, and I should hate myself if I could. The esteem and friendship which I have felt for him from my infancy, I never can era-

date; and if I could, it would be an act of injustice, I might almost say meanness, in me to do it now that he has been unfortunate. I have encouraged his attentions; I have not concealed my sentiments from him; I have given him promises, when they had your sanction, which I am not now able to violate."

"You surely have not been so imprudent as to engage yourself," said Mrs. Fawcner, "since his return? and I never considered what passed between you before as an engagement."

"My heart has long been his, wholly and unchangeably; I have told him so, and thus far we may be considered as engaged; but he has not the promise of my hand, except with my father's and your consent. He has however my promise of writing to him; and as I have done him injustice enough in the conditions I have imposed on him, I could not refuse what would afford him an innocent gratification."

"Do you call that innocent," said her

mother, not relaxing from her purpose, though pleased to find she had not given a promise of marriage, "which may injure your character, and make his disappointment more severely felt? You say you have assured him you will not marry without our consent; and as your father (as well as myself) is utterly opposed to your throwing yourself away on a man who is now reduced to beggary, how can you wish to keep up a correspondence with a man whom you have no prospect of marrying?"

"That man, my dear mother, might justly claim a great deal more; and because I refuse to comply with my promise in a greater matter, is it any reason that I should not comply with it in a less? or because I choose to be unjust, as my conscience too plainly tells me I am, ought I also to be ungenerous and unkind? No, mamma, do not wish to see me so degrade myself; let it never be said that we courted Edward Grayson for his fortune, and as soon as he lost this recommendation,

we neglected and despised him. I have no wish to marry him while the match would be imprudent; and whatever you may think of Edward Grayson, he himself would not wish it; but as it is very possible that his situation may change, he cherishes the hope that all opposition will in time be removed; and I cannot seek to repress it; nay, more, it is beyond my power to make the attempt; and do not, my dear mother, ask it."

"You were always, Matilda, the most self-willed, headstrong girl I ever saw," said her mother, trying another tack (as the sailors say), "and I see that in following your own wild humour, you will bring yourself to ruin, and your father and me to an early grave."

Matilda was distressed; but soon recovering herself, and recollecting her predetermined course, said—"I would do any thing to promote my father's happiness and yours, that honour and conscience would permit; but I cannot do what they forbid. I am sure my kind, indulgent

father will be satisfied with the pledge I am ready to give; to remain as I am until I have his sanction, and will not ask of me a greater sacrifice—a sacrifice I must not, I ought not, I cannot make.”

Mrs. Fawcner, finding her immovable, withdrew, saying as she went away, that her daughter would see her folly when it was too late, and declaring that she had overrated the extent of her father's indulgence.

Matilda had screwed up her resolution, before the interview, to the occasion; and though she was somewhat staggered during the dialogue, her natural perseverance, supported by her love, finally prevailed. But after her mother left her, with something like a malediction, and the reproach of inflicting pain on those for whom she felt the greatest filial reverence and love, her courage ceased to support her, and bursting into tears, she felt the severity of the conflict, which every well-regulated mind experiences in the struggle between inclination and filial obedience.

The agitation Matilda had undergone produced a violent headach, which prevented her from appearing at dinner; and this in turn softened her mother's resentment so far as to induce her to recommend and to administer the customary remedies; but the silent aid of her mother, while it soothed her agitated spirits, and made her feel very grateful, did not so fill her heart as the overflowing tenderness of major Fawcner, who ever shewed kindness and affection in all that he said to her, but who manifested the most tender and anxious solicitude whenever her health was in the smallest degree affected; and had not Mrs. Fawcner, who knew his softness of heart, and his devoted affection to his daughter, used some address to conceal from him the real state of things, he might on these occasions have abandoned all the schemes of prudence and ambition which his wife was building up, and have been as eager to further the match as she was to prevent it.

Frederick Steener had been sent to Lex-

ington College at the earnest recommendation of Mr. M'Culloch, though major Fawkner was disposed to give a preference to William and Mary; but his clan-nish neighbours insisted that it was better for a mountaineer to be educated on the west side of the Blue Ridge, and that they ought moreover to encourage their own institutions; in addition to which, his arguments were seconded by the opinion of Mrs. Fawkner, who wished to have her nephew more under her eye than he could be if he was sent to Williamsburg.

About a week after the conversation that has been detailed between Mrs. Fawkner and her daughter, one evening, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Frederick and his old friend, whose house lay near the road he had travelled, made their appearance at the gate. The good-natured old man had always liked Frederick as an honest well-disposed youth, and considering him now to have improved as much in learning as he evidently had in appearance, he was desirous of returning with



him, and of taking the credit of his own sagacity.

Frederick was a stout, square-built, full-faced youth, of about twenty, always ready to join in a laugh, a great eater, a good judge of a horse, and very indifferent to women, at least to that portion of the sex which is best worth knowing; and much of a sloven in his dress, going commonly without a cravat in the summer, and often in the winter. Such was the youth whom Mrs. Fawkner, regarding with the partial eye of kindred blood, and mindful of his valuable estate, wished to become her son-in-law.

Major Fawkner, with his usual good-natured indifference, said he thought Frederick would make a kind husband, and as he had a fine estate, if Matilda could be brought to fancy him, he should not object to him; though, to be sure, he should have liked a man of a little more polish, for one who had so much taste and delicacy as his daughter.

Frederick himself was merely passive

in the business; he was willing to marry his cousin, because he had always been told he was to marry some one, and every body said she was a fine woman: yet he would have had the same indifference in letting it alone; nay, more—there was a young lady, the daughter of the man at whose house he had boarded in Lexington, who had seemed to take a violent fancy for Mr. Steener, had so often provided something nice for him in the long winter evenings, and so generally been his partner at the balls given in the village, that he began to grow fond of her; and if he had not considered that he was to marry as his aunt Fawkner chose, he would have had no objection to make a match with Susan Tidball. He had often been heard to say, that “Susan was one of the nicest girls he had ever seen. She gave herself no airs, and did not require so much waiting on, as most of your high-flying dames; she was a fine hearty girl, and would not require nursing, like your

chalk-faced chits, who cut themselves in two like so many wasps."

Susan was not without rivals in that little village; but partly owing to her greater experience (she having for the five preceding sessions regularly made a conquest of some good-natured man of estate, and as regularly lost him), and partly from the advantage of opportunity, she fairly eclipsed them all. Frederick then was at least in as much indifference as ever with regard to his beautiful cousin; or perhaps it would be more correct to say, he had rather an unwillingness to the match.

Mrs. Fawkner was delighted to meet her nephew, and to perceive that he looked remarkably well.—"We had been expecting a letter from you, ordering your horses, a fortnight before you wrote. You were in no great hurry, Frederick, to see us."

"Why, aunt, you know I never hurry myself, and they live mighty well at old Tidball's; we had a famous hunt or two

after the session was over. I had a fine shot at a spike buck, but Joe Cheatham's powder is not worth a bawbee."

Matilda, who had been summoned by the nimble-footed Bella down stairs, on the arrival of the new comers, having now entered, Frederick gave her a hearty shake of the hand—"How goes it, coz? always poring over your books; you will study all the colour out of your cheeks. There is Susan Tidball; that is as fresh and as plump as a mayduke cherry, she never looks into a book, and yet she talks as well as any body, for all that I can judge."

"I am glad to see you, my rose of Sharon," said M'Culloch; "there is never a girl in Lexington to compare with her, let my friend Fritz say what he will."

"Frederick is his real name, Mr. M'Culloch," said Mrs. Fawkner, who disliked this vulgar diminutive, because her father had commonly borne it when he was in indigence. Mrs. Fawkner eyed the young persons closely, and was rather pleased than otherwise, to find they seemed

glad to meet with each other. The truth was, that Matilda regarded her cousin as a friend and relation, but never for a moment harboured the idea of his assuming any other character: and in the first moments of meeting, he recognised his amiable cousin, who was always ready to part with a large portion of her cake, or gingerbread, or to put a string to his watch, and whom he had loved, as we always love one with whom we have lived, who has been friendly and kind to us.

Mrs. Fawcner, speaking to Mr. M'Culloch, said—"I am really glad you have had your way; I never saw Frederick look so well."

"Yes, madam, Lexington is worth a dozen of old Williamsburg. How much better is it to come home with such rosy gills as Fritz—I beg your pardon, madam, old habits cannot be readily changed—than such tallow faces as Edward and that New-Yorker brought from the lower country!"

"One would think, Mr. McCulloch," said Matilda, "from what you say, that the young gentlemen went to college, as the ladies go to the springs, to get a complexion."

"No, my little sharpshooter; but because a head is well lined, it is no reason why it should not also shew a good face, no more than it is an objection to a rifle for being well mounted; and it little becomes you, Matilda, to be undervaluing pretty complexions."

After so direct a compliment, she could not farther contend, and she inquired about his family.

"All after the old sort. The old woman is now busy with her cider, her dried apples, peaches and preserves. My house is like some grocer's cellar, and I dare not say a word, or the little woman's back is up. I hope that now you have got such a protector as Fritz—as Frederick—I beg your pardon, madam—you must come and see the old lady; she has some fine water melons from her own patch."

"Ay, Matilda," said her mother, "you wished to make Mrs. M'Culloch a visit, and you and Frederick can ride over at any time."

"I hope you are a better horseman, coz," said Frederick with a loud chuckling laugh, "than you were, or I shall be apt to leave you in the lurch. There is Susan Tidball, that can ride in a man's saddle as well as she can in her own, and can spring upon my horse Alligator at a leap."

"I am afraid, cousin Frederick, you will find me both a clumsy and a timid rider, compared with this Lexington belle of whom you speak."

"What Susan is that you talk so much about?" said Mrs. Fawcner, in a tone half scolding, half inquiring.

"Only the tavern-keeper's daughter," said Frederick; "but a fine jolly girl she is—she would weigh two of coz here, though she's not quite so tall."

"Pshaw! I thought you were speaking of somebody of consequence."

Frederick, to whom his aunt's wishes had been before plainly indicated, not choosing to say any thing more in praise of Susan, turned off whistling. Immediately addressing himself to his old friend, he said—"But when, uncle Mac, shall we start a deer? I am told they are fine at this time."

"In excellent plight, my boy! Tom Lockhart killed one two days ago that cut two inches on the ribs. He was as blue as a razor."

"Next week then, next week, we will be at them.—But where is uncle?"

"He has taken a ride to Battletown."

Mrs. Fawcner now saw, that however Frederick might have improved in appearance, he was not altered in taste or habits, unless indeed this fair equestrian, of whom he so often spoke, had taken the place in his vacant heart which she had wished to fill with another.

He now walked out into the yard, and inquired into the condition of all the horses, calling them by their stable names;



but becoming impatient, he ran off to the stable to satisfy himself, and soon returning, he gave an account of their state and condition to M'Culloch, whom he found in the garden, admiring the neatness and taste of "Rosamond's Bower," as he called Matilda's favourite arbour. A hunting-party being then arranged for the following week, the old man left the gate just as major Fawkner was entering it.

"Fritz is come back," said M'Culloch, "and the same jolly dog as ever. I was so pleased to see him, that I rode over with him, and his aunt and cousin are making much of him."

Major Fawkner pressed him to return, but he declined, lest a shower should come up before the wheat he was treading out should be covered over.

Mrs. Fawkner so often reminded her husband of Frederick's great improvement, that as he was commonly too indolent to be at the trouble to examine any subject for himself, he was persuaded that he saw it. The next morning Mrs. Fawkner

told Frederick she wanted to see him in her chamber; and when, soon after breakfast, she repaired there, and found he had not come, she sent Bella to inquire for him, and learned that he had heard the cry of some hounds near the house, and immediately jumped upon the first horse he could find, and had joined the sportsmen. He returned before dinner; and on being reprimanded for the neglect of his promise, he told his aunt how it had happened, and said, that if he had been even going to be married, he could not have helped pushing off with the hounds.—“But I have got that,” added he, “which will make my peace, aunt: you may have as fine a venison steak as ever smoked in the Valley.”

“Your thoughts, nephew, seem to run a good deal on being married.—Have you any notion of changing your state soon?”

“Not I—I don’t want to give up my liberty yet a while; but I suppose I must be noosed by-and-by, as well as other people.”

"It is time, Frederick, that you should be a little more staid, and leave off that rattle-pated humour. You are now almost of age, and one of your fortune ought to get married, and settle himself down on his own estate. It is the only thing that will give you respectability."

"What! you would have me, like a racer, quit the turf, and set up for——" laughing heartily at the supposed wit of his own conceit.

"I would have you behave like a man of sense and a gentleman," said Mrs. Fawcner sharply, endeavouring to awe him into seriousness.

"And how, my good aunt, would you have me set about it?" said he.

"How? why look out for some woman whose character and standing is suitable to your own, and then lead a regular and rational life."

"I shall do that a year or two hence, aunt; but I don't see any occasion for being in such a violent hurry. I want to look about me."

"I am afraid you have been looking too much about you already. Did you meet with no young woman in Lexington that you would be willing to make mistress of Hempfields? Come, tell me now—what would you say to Miss Susan? I have a little bird which tells me all that is passing."

"For the matter of that, aunt," said he, "Susan Tidball is a fine girl; and if I was wishing to put the marriage halter round my neck, and it was agreeable to all parties, and no objections were made on account of the old man's keeping tavern, and such as that, I don't know but I might go further and fare worse."

"Why surely, Frederick, you are not serious—to suffer yourself to be wheedled by the first young woman you happen to board with?"

"Serious! oh no, madam—marrying is what I have no notion for as yet."

"Frederick," said Mrs. Fawcner, in a more solemn manner, "my poor dear brother made me promise never to desert

you. I have ever considered you as a child, and I have looked forward to the time when you would in fact be one. I know that your poor dear father, who is dead and gone, always intended you for Matilda; and there is not a young man in the country who would not be proud of her."

"As to that, aunt, nobody can say aught against cousin Matty," (as he often called her;) "but I know I am not good enough for her. It is as if uncle was to send his Cleopatra filly——"

"Pshaw! will you never learn to behave like a gentleman?" said Mrs. Fawkner interrupting him.

"But aunt——"

"But what?" repeated Mrs. Fawkner emphatically.

"I don't think that cousin Matilda will have me."

"Why not?" said Mrs. Fawkner; "it is but trying. Girls are of one mind to-day and another to-morrow as to that

matter. If you will court her, and follow my advice, I will engage she shall marry you."

"But, aunt, she used to like Edward Grayson, when every body thought it was to be a match; and I will wager she likes him still, for when once she takes a notion in her head, she is mighty apt to stick to it."

"Oh, that is all at an end. She has promised me solemnly never to think of marrying Edward Grayson without my consent, and that I am sure she will never get. But if there was any danger of her marrying him, that is another reason why you should help to prevent her from throwing herself away. You know the Graysons are head and ears in debt, and all their property is soon to be sold to pay the creditors."

"I heard," said Frederick, "they had fallen through. Well, pride they say will have a fall."

"I always thought," said Mrs. Fawcner, "they would bring their nobles to

ninepence ; and now that they are about to suffer for their pride and extravagance, they never shall be supported out of my substance, if I can help it. Frederick, my dear nephew, my son, I may say, you must help to save us from this danger. It would break my heart to see Matilda married to that conceited coxcomb, who is prouder, if possible, than ever, and gives himself as many airs as if he was worth the Indies."

"As to that, aunt, I must say that Edward always used me well, though he is proud enough that is certain. He ought not to expect to marry the richest girl in Frederick when he has got his fortune to make by pleading the law ; and rather than cousin Matilda should throw herself away as you say, and bring the family to ruin, and you should be so much distressed, if you can get cousin Matty to consent, I am her man, though to say the truth I had rather be my own man a little longer."

"Poh ! poh ! your own man indeed ! why, when you are married, you may not only do as you please in your own house,

but have a wife to obey you too. The wife of one of your fortune will have nothing else to do but to humour your fancies, dress your venison as you like it, and provide nice things for you."

"Say no more, aunt," said Frederick, whose imagination was fired with this picture of matrimonial bliss, "it is a bargain; and now I'll thank you for the bit of advice you promised me, for let me tell you, aunt, cousin Matty's a little queer at times. When her spirit's up, I'd as soon undertake to gentle a two-year old filly—she's a chip of the old block."

"Why then you must use the same means as if you were breaking a young filly, since your thoughts always will be running on the stable. You must try coaxing and gentleness, which is the only way that women of spirit can be managed; pay her little attentions; take more pains with your dress—I see you are getting into your old slovenly ways already:—help to weed her flowers; don't indulge in those coarse jokes you are so fond of;



refrain from all horse play; and you will in time do a good deed for yourself and make us all happy."

Frederick, who had a fund of good-nature, and was not without some of the saving knowledge of the family, was in earnest at the time in intending what his aunt proved to be every way so desirable, and the impression that Miss Tidball's comely person and well-managed flattery had made was for the moment obliterated.

He accordingly began at once to execute his part of the late treaty with good faith; and, going into his room, he put on a cravat, which was some trial of his patience, as it was a sultry afternoon in August; and he then went into the garden, where he found his fair cousin reading in her favourite retreat. Frederick would rather she had been occupied with her flowers, in which employment he could have lent a ready assistance, in watering or transplanting, or in trailing the vines; but he had an instinctive aversion

to books, and knew that he must appear to some disadvantage whenever he was brought into contact with them. He came to the door of the summerhouse, however, and rather abruptly said—"Cousin, can I lend you a hand in any thing about your flowers?"

"No," said Matilda somewhat surprised at the offer.

"What a fine stock of chrysanthemums—and these daisies, I believe you call them."

"China-asters," said Matilda looking off her book.

"But I see," said he, "I am interrupting you: shall I take this watering-pot and water your flowers?"

"Oh no, I thank you, it is too soon; but if you would do it about sunset, I would be extremely obliged to you," said Matilda resuming her reading.

"I'll be sure to do it," said Frederick, going off, and glad of so good an excuse to be relieved from a duty he found himself but ill-qualified to perform.

He was soon heard bellowing with Stentorian lungs for Ben to saddle Alligator, as he wanted to see how neighbour Stubbs came on with a new rifle. He returned about sunset, and with great assiduity gave the flowers a better watering, as Matilda told him, than they had had throughout the whole summer. The next day he performed the same duty, for which he was again thanked by his cousin; and there is no telling what might have been the effect of his continued exposure to so much sweetness and beauty as his cousin possessed, when he was assiduously attending her, for the express purpose of pleasing her, if when he had been thus employed for about a week, he had not found a letter for him in the post-office at Battletown—an occurrence which, never having happened to him more than two or three times in his life, excited no little curiosity. He eagerly broke it open, and found it to be from the fair Susan; and it ran in these words, though we have somewhat improved the orthography.

*" Lexington, September 1796.*

" MR. FREDERICK STEENER.

" DEAR SIR,

" The report has come here that you are paying your addresses to your cousin Matilda Fawkner. I always told you your aunt would not let you marry out of the family, and you persisted in denying it, and said you was your own man, and not to be led by the nose: and you were so partiklar in your attentions, that every body here has been plaguing me about you; and, although I told them I knew your aunt would object, even if you had no objections, yet they all said they could see how it was; and one tells me I have fallen away twenty pounds since you left us. I know I ought not to have received such partiklar attentions—as a girl's character is her fortin; and people are so apt to talk. We all miss you mightly. We had a fine piece of venison yesterday, and mother was wishing for you. Let me know if the report is true, and if you are

coming back, as you promised; and whether you think as much of us as we do of you. You must not shew this to a living soul, and you may be sure I should not have writ to you, if you had not been such a partiklar favourite—but mother tells me that I can think and talk of nothing but you. I often walk towards the old school-house. No more at present, but remain your sincere and most partiklar friend,

“ SUSAN TIDBALL.”

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He read this precious epistle again and again, with renewed delight, and said—  
 “ Why, as sure as a gun the girl's in love with me; I see it plain in every word she writes, and she's jealous of cousin Matilda, and the poor thing is taking her solitary rambles where we used to walk last spring. This is unlucky—and yet not so mighty bad neither, to have such a nice tidbit dropping into one's mouth as I may say. But here I am engaged in

a chase of the game that I see no chance of catching, while a plumper and nicer doe is within the reach of my rifle. But so it has always been, as Milton or the Spectator, I forget which, says, 'true love never yet ran smooth.' And yet I don't see why it should not, if I like Susan as well as she likes me. But how to give the slip to this aunt of mine, whose eye is as sharp as a hawk's, and who is a nonsuch at match-making and match-breaking, that's the question—I must think on it." Such a revolution had this well-timed stroke of diplomacy made in Frederick's sentiments.

After cogitating on the subject for some time, he determined to mention the matter to Matilda herself, who he plainly saw regarded him in no other light than as a relative, and as every way her inferior. Accordingly, the next evening, when engaged in his usual occupation of watering her flowers, he said—"Coz, come this way a little; I have a secret to tell you;" and perceiving that she hesi-

tated and looked disturbed, he added, "don't be uneasy—it is not what you suppose—it is quite another thing." She then followed him, and he said—"Coz, I want a bit of your advice, what I ought to do. I got this letter the other day, and you must give me your word not to mention it. Susan would never forgive me for shewing it." He then handed her the paper, which she read.

"And what do you mean to do?" said Matilda.

"Why that's what I am puzzled about. I like Susan well enough; but aunt won't hear of it; and you know, cousin, she's looking another way," said he, putting on an awkward and sheepish air, and laughing.

"You might make yourself easy, if that was all the difficulty," said Matilda, "for it would be affectation in me to pretend not to understand you; but that can never, never be. I esteem and regard you, Frederick, as a cousin, but never could do more; and I am delighted to

find that my determination in this matter will cause you no disappointment. But as to this young lady, to speak frankly, her letter does not say much in favour either of her prudence or her understanding, and she may be a mere female fortune-hunter."

"You think, cousin," said Frederick, still more chagrined at her throwing cold water on his wishes than mortified at her insinuations, "that because I'm not to *your* taste, I can be to no other person's; but they say, many men many minds, and I suppose it is the same with women too. If aunt would give up her project, which it is clear she might as well do, and Susan Tidball would marry me, I'd be willing to run the risk of her loving me and making me a good wife."

"You like her well enough then to marry her?" said Matilda.

"Why, to speak the honest truth, coz, I do, and I expected, when I asked your advice, you'd have been as much in favour of the match as I was. But a man



never can tell which way the fox is going to run until he has started, and so it is with women."

Matilda could not help smiling at her kinsman's simplicity, and said—"If I were to consult my own inclinations, Frederick, I should encourage you in your wishes; but as I have doubts about this young woman's motives, and she is a mere stranger, I could not be tempted to withhold from you my honest counsel: this is, to wait, and see a little more of her, and ascertain whether she is really attached to you, or only to your fortune; for such things sometimes happen, Frederick, to persons every way worthy of inspiring love: but if you think yourself certain of her affections, you must act as you think best. I think, however, you should disclose the affair to my mother."

"No, not yet, cousin; I never shoot until I am ready. I shall not consult aunt until I have Susan's consent, and until I'm of age, which will be the thirteenth day of next October, and I will then try

to make fair weather with aunt, and get her consent; but if she refuses, I'll marry without it, and take my wife to my own house at once, that's what I'm resolved on."

"And if you are resolved, cousin Frederick, I see not why you wanted counsel. But I have a favour to ask of you, and that is, to forward a letter to Mr. Edward Grayson, and receive such as he may hereafter address to me; for I promised him to write, and I do not wish to excite observation."

"So then, coz, you want to hoodwink the old folks too; and you are sure that *your* swain is not a fortune-hunter?"

Matilda coloured at this double reproof.

- —"The gentleman I alluded to, Frederick, you know, as well as I do, is all that is noble and disinterested; and you are mistaken if you suppose the correspondence I am about to carry on is clandestine; I have informed my mother of it, though, as she does not exactly approve of it, I cannot expect any aid or facility

from her.—But perhaps I ought not to trouble you.”

“ Oh, I ask your pardon, my sweet cousin! I meant no offence; I merely wanted you to know by experience what it is to hear the person you love reflected on, that’s all—I will forward your letter with all pleasure in life, and I hope I shall live to dance at your wedding. And now, my pretty cousin, let us be friends,” holding out his hand. Having given hers a cordial shake, they parted, mutually satisfied with the explanation which had thus taken place.

Frederick then proceeded to answer the epistle of the fair Susan, a work of no small labour to his unpractised pen. He had seen among the books in his aunt’s bureau, or on the mantelpiece, a tattered volume, called “The Complete Letter-Writer,” from which he had been formerly made to transcribe, by dint of some coaxing, and more threats, and he thought he would consult it for assistance in his present dilemma. He found in it a letter

"from a lover to his mistress," which he thought might serve as a foundation, on which he might add what particularly required an answer, or was suited to his own situation.

After spending two mornings in this labour, which he was on the point of abandoning once or twice in despair, he at length produced the following piece of literary patchwork, in which "The Complete Letter Writer" formed the ground, and his own sentiments were occasionally inlaid:—

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"The Elms, Frederick County, Sept. 3, 1796.

"DEAR MISS,

"Permit, divine charmer, the humblest of thy admirers to throw himself at thy feet, and pour out the sad tale of those afflictions which thy peerless beauty has caused. I duly received your letter, Miss Susan, and note the contents. Love has not, believe me, a votary more fond and devoted than him who now addresses you. They are mistaken if they suppose

I'm to be ruled by my aunt; I'm not for petticoat government any how; and if I knock under to a woman, it must be a young one. Couldst thou see the havock thou hast made in that heart which beats only for thee, I am certain it would incline thy tender bosom to pity. Never mind their plaguing you, Susan—why should you mind them? let them laugh that wins. Your loved image is ever present to my excited fancy, whether waking, or when my exhausted spirit is lulled to rest. You make my mouth water at the thoughts of the venison, but I trust there are as fat bucks in the forest as ever came out of it. You ask me if the report is true—I tell you it is a lie, every word of it; I mean to choose for myself, and if you love me as I love you, never did a couple love so true. I cannot give utterance to the feelings which the sweet idea inspires, when I recollect that thou hast, in thy gracious condescension, bid me not despair. I shall post off to Lexington as

soon as I am of age, and bring a parson and a wedding-ring, if you can take such a shabby fellow as I am. With sentiments of the truest tenderness, and most heartfelt devotion, I am your own faithful, and, but for the hope of your favour, despairing lover,

“FREDERICK W. STEENER.”

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When this rare composition (whose orthography we have also ventured to improve) was completed, he read it again and again, not a little pleased with so scholar-like a performance, and sealing it up, sent it to the post-office, together with the one which Matilda had given him. In this letter, after informing her lover of Frederick's attentions, and their subsequent eclairsissement, she endeavoured to encourage him in his efforts and resolutions—besought him to bear patiently the pains of absence, and even to forget her when engaged in acquiring a knowledge of his profession. She reminded him that

their future happiness would be more complete, for the sufferings and self-denial they had previously undergone. She asked him for a more minute account of the incidents which befel him, and of the society he met with—informed him of the health of his mother, who, she said, appeared to be more cheerful than she had lately seen her, when she was last at Beachwood; and she advised him to forward his letters, under cover, to Frederick Steener.

Every week brought or carried a letter from this fond and virtuous couple, striving to console each other under the obstacles which opposed their pure and fervid attachment. Friday evening was the most important event in the quiet, uniform life of Matilda. Frederick was sure to be at Battletown by the time the post arrived, and, with his uncle's letters and papers, to receive the one from Edward, which he secretly conveyed to Matilda. This concealment she acquiesced in, for

fear so exquisite an enjoyment should be interrupted by her mother, or, at any rate, excite her displeasure, and as she had satisfied her conscience by the open declaration she had made of her intention to write. Mrs. Fawkner, however, seeing that Frederick was regular in his attendance on his cousin, considered that her plan was in a fair train of success, and that all was going on as she wished.

## CHAPTER VII.

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WE will now return to Gildon, whom we left on a journey to Mount Vernon. After gratifying himself with seeing and hearing the most illustrious man his country had produced, and one of the very few persons who did not suffer in the estimation that was previously made of him on a near approach, our traveller turned his course towards Monticello, for the purpose



of seeing him who was then fondly looked to by the zealous republicans as the successor of the present chief magistrate, and who, with a popular character in New-York, was expected to receive the suffrage of his own state for the office of president and vice-president.

When he reached Colchester, a small village on Acquia Creek, an arm of the Potomac, he found, at the public-house at which he stopped, two young men, genteelly dressed, lounging in the porch, and engaged in careless conversation, which they did not think proper to check on his account.—“Is she really very handsome?” said one, dressed in a neat suit of homespun.

“She is a beauty,” said the other, in a green frock with sherry vallies; “old Grayson was once very rich, but I believe he had nearly run through his estate.” (Gildon here pricked up his ears, and listened with the closest attention.)—“I expect she has gone down to set her cap for her cousin Frank Barton.”

"She will hardly catch Frank," said the other; "he has got a new pair of ponies that he would not give up to marry the finest girl in Virginia. I wonder if he is at home now. He was to have been at Carter's last week."

"He must now be at Dumfries, where Sam Fox is to give him a chance of winning back what he lost at the court-house, on the fourth of July."

"But they say the girl is engaged to a young South Carolinian, whose father is unwilling to the match," said the one in grey.

"And when are Julia Barton and Nat Jones to be married?" said the one in green. "She is playing fast and loose with him, and keeps him dangling, to see if she can get a better offer. If I were Nat, I would bring the matter to an issue at once: Lee has gone over to Stanley, and if he does, he will be sure to court either Julia Barton or that little mountain girl you speak of, if it is only to keep his hand in. But here the landlord has

brought in the toddy.—Mr. Minter, is your toddy cool? let us taste it.”

They then came into the room, and invited Gildon to join them.—“Warte riding, sir.”

“Yes, sir; though not more so than we may expect at this season.”

“You are travelling to the south I perceive.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Are your crops good there this year?”

“I don’t know, sir,” said Gildon.

“Oh, you have been to the north.”

“No—yes, a little way, sir.” Gildon shewed evidently such an indisposition to be communicative, that his interrogator desisted from further inquiry, and they sat down to a nice dinner, at which Gildon preserved a guarded silence, partly because he did not wish to make himself known, and partly for the purpose of hearing their unreserved sentiments on what so nearly concerned him. He was however able to glean nothing more. The young gentlemen arose immediately

after dinner, and mounting two elegant horses, paced off in an easterly direction:

"Those gentlemen live in the neighbourhood I presume?" said Gildon to the landlord.

"One does; the other's home I don't exactly know, but I believe he lives in King George county."

"They have good estates, I should suppose."

"The one in the Virginia cloth coat once owned a very fine estate on the Potomac; but he has nearly run through it all by gambling and extravagance; and the other in green, they say, has won a good deal of it. He is a sharp, wary chap, who always knows what he is about. The tall one has lately sold a piece of land, and is full of cash at present; and I will bet a horse that Dick Scapin will not leave him till he strips him of every penny."

Gildon was somewhat surprised to find that one who was a professed swindler should be deemed fit company for a gentleman, and should so much possess the

manners and appearance of one. But the landlord informed him, that Scapin was himself a man of reputable family, and left very much to his own guidance by the early death of his father; he had been soon cheated out of his own little patrimony, and was now making reprisals on the community for his own losses, in which he had been but too successful.

The conversation of these young men made a lively impression on Gildon, and confirmed him in that to which he was previously much inclined; which was to throw himself in the neighbourhood of Stanley, and get introduced to the family, if possible, for the purpose of having opportunities of conversing more uninterruptedly with Louisa, whose society seemed now indispensable to his peace. And when he contemplated her exposed to the gallantry of an insinuating young man, jealousy added new force to his love, and he at once determined to turn his horse's head in that direction, and in the first

place, to aim at forming an acquaintance with Frank Barton.

He got to Dumfries early in the afternoon, and expressing himself, in the public room, pleased with the situation and fatigued with the journey, he took occasion to say, he would remain there a day or two, to rest himself and his nag. He was shewn into a room, for the purpose of changing his dress, and learnt from the waiter, by a careless question or two, that Mr. Barton was then a lodger in the house, and that he had been there with his servant and two horses for several days; that he was then out, and would not probably be in that night till late, if at all. The boy, conceiving it would be no harm to open his budget to a stranger, told him all that he knew, or heard, or imagined relative to Mr. Frank Barton; his love of sport of every kind, his wasteful expence, and above all, his princely generosity to servants. Gildon, having extracted all that the boy knew, while he only seemed to be listening to a strange tale, in which

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he felt no particular interest, dismissed his informant, and then took a stroll through the little village. His handsome person, and fashionable dress and air, would have been sufficient to attract attention; if the look of inquiry he threw around him had not marked him for a stranger; and more than once a pair of sparkling eyes, or rosy cheeks, or a mouth disclosing two rows of orient pearl, appeared at some window by which he happened to pass, and seemed to indicate a lively curiosity, and to say, they had no objection to a further acquaintance. Yet seeing no symptoms of the party he was in search of, he returned to the tavern, and resolved to wait until Barton came home, be it when it might.

The next morning after breakfast, Barton, who had returned during the night, made his appearance in the public room: he had a florid complexion and good features, but a very haggard look, from keeping late hours, and still more from the mental agitations to which he was ex-

posed. He appeared to be about five-and-thirty, though Gildon knew him not to be so old by seven or eight years. After a slight inclination of the head to Gildon, he called for a mint julep, and ordered breakfast, which was served up with dispatch, and in good style, as his habits and taste appeared to be well known to the house. Gildon sat anxiously waiting for an opportunity of introducing himself. At length the landlord having pronounced the other's name audibly, he said—"Are you Mr. Barton of Stanley?"

"The same, sir, at your service."

"I have the pleasure of knowing a friend and relative of yours, Mr. Edward Grayson."

"Of Frederick," said Barton; "yes, we are distantly related. And how is Ned? is he as great a bookworm and as much in the heroics as ever?"

"He is now a student of law at Williamsburg," said Gildon. "I have often heard him speak of you."

"Why, I wonder at that; we never



took much to one another; our walks lay in different directions—he was for fame, and I for pleasure.”

“In which,” said Gildon, “you have this advantage, that you are sure of running down your game, while he may never get in sight of his.”

“You are not from Frederick?” said Frank, with an air of courtesy which shewed he was pleased with this specimen of the stranger’s judgment.

“I have lately been in Frederick, sir, but am just now returned from a visit to Mount Vernon; my name is Gildon; my home is in New-York; and I have some idea of going to Williamsburg, where I should be happy to be the bearer of any commands to your relation Mr. Grayson.”

“Oh, none at all, I thank you,” said Frank; “but you may tell him I am going on after the old sort, considering women and wine, cards and dice, horses and dogs, all that are worth living for.”

“I see you allow yourself some latitude in your tastes,” said Gildon; “and in your

list of meritorious objects, there are some items which the wisest and gravest do not disdain. Perhaps, sir, you can give him some intelligence about his sister, who I believe is now with her friends in this part of the country."

"I will be shot if I can," said Frank. "I have heard she was at Stanley, but I have not been at home since her arrival; as, however, you are going across the country, suppose you call at Stanley, and take a letter from her; they are monstrous people for writing letters to one another."

"If I had the honour of knowing any of the family at Stanley," replied Gildon, "I would do so with pleasure."

"You need not be so particular here, sir; we are an unceremonious people; our houses in the Northern Neck are always open to our acquaintance, and to strangers—and the latter are always the most welcome—at least I think it is the case with our women. I shall set off to-morrow for Hobbes Hole; and as I shall go within ten miles of Stanley, we can travel

that far together, if you have no objection."

"It will give me great pleasure to accompany you," said Gildon; "and I consider myself extremely fortunate in having stopped here last evening."

The business being thus satisfactorily arranged, the conversation turned on indifferent subjects, particularly those that Frank best understood; during which Gildon lost no opportunity of insinuating himself into the confidence of Barton, by agreeing with him in opinion, and adroitly flattering his ruling propensities. He succeeded so well in ingratiating himself with his new acquaintance, that, learning from Gildon he sometimes played, but was not very skilful, Frank proposed to carry him to the house of a friend, where a party of jolly fellows were to have their last meeting at loo that evening. Gildon would have excused himself, as he had no great partiality for cards, and played well at no game except whist; but he did not wish to impair the favourable footing on

which he stood with Barton, and he consented.

They proceeded to a respectable-looking house on the side of a hill, bordering on the little village, where he understood a widow lady lived. They were politely received by a young man, his mother and sister; and they also found there two other gentlemen from the neighbouring country. The early part of the evening passed rather heavily—most of the party, by their loud yawning, shewing either the want of rest, from the frolic of the past night, or present lassitude. In the course of the evening two other residents of the town entered, one of them considerably older than the other.

After tea the card-table was set out, and immediately the countenances of all brightened up; a saucer, containing grains of Indian corn, as counters, was set on the table, from which every one helped himself to the prescribed number; and the rest were put aside. Gildon excused himself from joining the party, as there

were five without him; and they began the game of little loo, at which each player had but three cards.

The ladies, with whom he conversed awhile, soon retired, and the master of the house again urged on Gildon to take a hand. He would again have excused himself, both because his company seemed not to be solicited by all the party, and because he was not in the humour for playing; but Barton, against whom the cards had been running unfavourably, insisted so peremptorily on his joining them, that he sat down; and as at the rate they were playing his finances might have been easily exhausted, he played at first with great caution, and with nearly equal fortune. But after some time luck began to run in his favour, and he won pool after pool, in so rapid a succession, that he became at length the object either of envy or suspicion to the whole board.

"This is d——d surprising," said one; "the cards all seem to go in one hand."

"It is always so," said another, "when the set I begin with is changed."

"Gentlemen," said Gildon, "I fear I have spoiled your sport; I cared not about joining in it, and will quit now if you will permit me."

"Keep your seat," said Frank, "and don't mind these fellows."

"The gentleman," said one of the townsmen, "won't think of quitting now that he has won all our cash."

"I will play, or leave off, as you wish, gentlemen," said Gildon, evidently somewhat piqued.

"Keep your seat I say, Mr. Gildon," repeated Barton; "and lend me ten, if you please."

"Do, sir," said the other, "allow me to be your banker."

Gildon now played more unguardedly; yet the same good fortune continued to attend him. He won until he had greatly increased his loan to Barton, and two of the others were also his debtors. Not feeling easy at such extraordinary success,

and not wishing to appear in the character of a skilful gamester, he set all the rules of prudence, and the little skill he possessed, at naught, and endeavoured, by playing on the worst hands, to reduce his winnings; but Fortune, in one of those insolent freaks which she occasionally assumes, defied him, and he continued to win, whether he was bold, cautious, or careless. At length, galled with such a vexatious and perverse course of ill luck, they seemed to unite to play against him, and did somewhat check his success; but when the day began to dawn, the servant, who had been alternately waiting and nodding all night, whispered to the gentleman of the house that the cocks were crowing, and the day breaking. Upon this, the elder townsman, who was the only winner besides Gildon, affecting great alarm and surprise, and declaring that he expected a man at his house that morning on an important business, they finally consented to settle their accounts. Gildon found himself nominally a winner of up-

wards of three hundred dollars; but as they all continued to shift their debts on Frank, either because he was owing them, or they could pay him more easily than Gildon, his winnings added nothing to his stock of cash. The worst of the matter was, that the elderly man had lent Gildon, when he happened to have lent to others all that he had won himself; and now, though Gildon was so large a winner, he was required to pay twenty dollars to this gentleman, who persisted in seeming not to understand the delicate intimations which Gildon gave, that those who were in the same county, and even in the same town, might more conveniently settle with each other, than for him, who was a stranger, to pay away his money, and yet go away a creditor. But Frank Barton observed what was passing, and said in an authoritative tone—"Damn it, Thornton, let Seymour, who owes Mr. Gildon, pay you the twenty dollars, instead of my settling it with Mr. Gildon, to whom I've enough to pay already."

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"Oh, very well," said Thornton, unable to parry such a direct attack, "it is the same thing."

The party then broke up, each one sneaking to his bed with blunted faculties, exhausted spirits, and bodies chilled with the morning damp, though it was then early in September. How different were they then, from what he had seen them eight or ten hours before! Gildon, regardless of his success, reproached himself for being a party in so disgraceful a scene, and he thought, had he been previously devoted to the amusement, the spectacle he had witnessed that night must have cured him. Their frequent bickerings and altercations, their degrading suspicions of each other—which sometimes, no doubt, were warranted by what they felt themselves capable of—their inward fretting and impatience at their own want of success, which was further aggravated by their envy at the good fortune of others; their superstitious faith in signs of the most trivial character; and, last of all,

their bitter self-reproach for thus wasting their time and health, in the hope of gaining, at the expence of an intimate friend, and then finding the injury they meditated on others retorted on themselves.

Gildon's mind was so filled with these reflections, and the agitations of the past night, that it was some time before he could compose himself to sleep; and just as he had fallen into a doze, he was summoned to breakfast. He refused, however, to rise, and remained in bed till nearly noon, when he awoke, considerably refreshed, and partook of some soup, which Frank had provided.

They set off about three in the afternoon for Stafford Court-House. Gildon lost no time in endeavouring to put Barton at his ease on the subject of the money he owed him, observing, that he should act on the occasion as he would have expected of Barton, and give him an opportunity of winning it off.

"And perhaps," said Frank, "of don-

bling your winnings. I should not have lost what I did, if I had not been trying to win off; and I verily believe, that if I had won, I should have been obliged to take those fellows' scrip, instead of getting back any of my own cash. Did you watch their manoeuvres when we broke up?"

"I did not think," replied Gildon, "they seemed to stand in good credit with each other, at least with the gentleman who was the only winner except myself."

"Ay, Ned Thornton—an old hand. He has been the guide and instructor of all you saw, and he knows that they are slack enough in paying. He is a merchant of the place, and a thrifty fellow too; but he has a strong itch for gaming, and he carries the same coolness and shrewdness to the card-table that he has behind the counter; and the consequence is, that he seldom fails to win. He has outlived or impoverished two or three successive generations I may say in that town; and I think from the symptoms manifested last

night, this set are nearly worn thread-bare."

"I wonder, Mr. Barton, that you would venture your money with a party, of which one is likely to out-play you, and the rest are not able to pay you if you win. It is like throwing cross and pile whether you shall keep your own money or not."

"I confess it is a foolish business," said Frank. "I see it plain enough now, but I never see it till after the game is over; besides, I lost a few hundreds to two of these men at Stafford Court-House, at a ball on the fourth of July; and I took it for granted that if I had won of them, they would have been able to have paid me back my own—for you know your luck might have been mine. By-the-bye, the purchase of these bays, and my loss together, have drained me completely, and I must give you my note; but as soon as I can get my crop to market, I will discharge it."

"Make yourself easy on that score," said Gildon. "If you will not take a

chance of winning it off at backgammon or picquet, allow me to continue your creditor; for as I have incurred so many obligations in Virginia, I don't wish to carry away your money too. You may next year buy me a gelding, if you chance to meet with one."

"I think I have some that will suit you; and I believe I must even go with you to Stanley; from thence we can ride over to my estate, where I can match you with such a horse as you like, and thus both of us be accommodated."

Gildon congratulated himself on his good fortune at loo, as it had brought about what he so much wished, a regular introduction to the family in which Louisa Grayson then resided, by one of its own members. It was night when they reached Stafford Court-House, where Frank Barton was received with great deference and respect by the landlord and his servants, not only because his father was a man of wealth and consequence in the

county, but because he himself was a liberal guest, who spent his money very freely.

Barton insisted on Gildon's playing a few games of backgammon, by which he somewhat reduced the debt he owed; and they set off, after an early breakfast, the next day for Stanley.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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THEY reached the venerable mansion about one the next day. Frank Barton was so irregular in his movements and absences, that his coming or staying away never excited much surprise in the family; and the father finding that his hints to his son about pursuing a more regular and rational life were entirely disregarded, had ceased to interfere with him, and he held his eccentric course without let or molestation, except when he had occasion for extraordinary subsidies, to open a new campaign,

or defray the expences of the old one, in which case he generally met with some advice from his father, and sometimes a gentle paternal censure, which was neither agreeable at the time, nor long remembered afterwards.

His father had not long returned from his morning's ride when the travellers arrived. He was sitting in the wide passage which ran through the middle of the house, enjoying the south-western breeze then pleasantly passing through it. After the customary greeting between Mr. Barton and his son, Gildon was introduced to the old man, who immediately gave the young stranger a most cordial reception. —“ I am glad to see you, sir. Have you lately come to Virginia?”

“ No, sir; I have been here more than a year.”

“ A resident of Alexandria or Fredericksburg?”

“ No, sir,” said Frank, “ Mr. Gildon has been a fellow-student of Edward Grayson at Williamsburg, and returning from

Mount Vernon to college, I have prevailed on him to call by, and he has consented to do so under the hope that Louisa may wish to write to her brother."

"I am very happy to see you, Mr. Gildon, and hope you will pass some weeks with us. We consider our situation to be much more healthy than Williamsburg at this season."

"I hope the family are all well, sir?" said Frank.

"Tolerably so, I believe; but I think you look badly. Have you been sick, or only raking, Frank?"

"I was up late last night, sir, at a party at Dumfries," said Frank.

"And somewhere else the night before I presume," said the old gentleman, "and the same the night before that.—Our young Virginians, Mr. Gildon, live as if they could never get rid of their constitutions or estates soon enough; and yet many of them contrive to wear out both before they are thirty. You are more prudent I believe in your state?"



"I do not perceive much difference, sir," replied Gildon, "except that there are a greater number here who have both the leisure and the means of indulgence."

"And how does your state receive the president's resignation?"

"It seems to be very generally regretted; but I believe it had been expected. I think he is more revered and beloved in our state than he is in his own."

"You know," said the colonel, "no man is a prophet in his own country; but if ever there was an exception, it is in the case of general Washington; yet not a few regret (and I confess I am one of the number) that he had not either refused the office of president, or resigned it before he had lost any portion of the regard which his countrymen entertained for him: it had been better for his glory, and perhaps also for his happiness."

"Of its effect on his reputation," said Gildon, "I am not competent to judge; but it does not seem to have affected his spirits, as they are remarkably good, and

so is his health. I left Mount Vernon three days ago."

"I am glad to hear that he is cheerful," rejoined the colonel. "I never can be brought to believe that he is under British influence, as some of our violent newspapers would persuade us; and if he has erred, as I confess I think he has on several important occasions, his errors have been those of the head, and not of the heart. It is impossible that he could be regardless of the interests of that country whose glory is identified with his own—in whose service his whole life has been spent—his best efforts directed—his own fame established; and he never would be tempted, by flattery or any arts of seduction, to give up either his present popularity, or the promises of future reputation, for any other advantages this world could present."

Gildon was surprised to hear this worthy old gentleman labouring to prove that general Washington was honest and patriotic, which seemed to him like "gild-

ing refined gold," or any other vain and ridiculous excess; and he saw a specimen of the conflict, which many a worthy citizen in Virginia felt in those days, between former veneration and the distrust which political rancour was then engendering against the pride and ornament of his country.

In the midst of this conversation, Mrs. Jones and Julia Barton made their appearance with Frank, and Gildon was greatly disappointed at not seeing Louisa. He had abstained from mentioning to Frank Barton that he was particularly acquainted with her; but as Louisa had been unreserved in her communications to her cousin, and she had often mentioned him to the family, his partiality was known to them all. She was therefore not a little embarrassed how she should receive him—whether she should, like an obedient daughter, undertake to remonstrate with him for this violation of his compact, or affect not to notice it, and meet him as a passing acquaintance; but whatever might

be the appearance she should assume, she was delighted beyond measure on hearing of his arrival; and the agitation she betrayed would not have escaped more observing eyes than those of Frank Barton and his mother, who were the only persons in the room when he announced the name of the gentleman he had brought with him.

Anxious to see the object of her waking and sleeping thoughts, him whose society she remembered with inexpressible fondness and regret, she yet hesitated. She dreaded the gaze of the family, amiable as were its members, and long as she had been acquainted with them; and amid all the tumultuous delight which filled her bosom, she trembled, and was alarmed at the thoughts of the interview. She was again and again called down, before she could move, and did not forget to go several times to her glass, and adjust her hair, or neck-dress (less, it must be admitted, for the purpose of decorating her person than to gain time). On its being mentioned, on the

last summons, that dinner was coming on, she sent for Julia Barton to accompany her down stairs; and she would hardly have been able to support herself in going down, if she had not leaned upon her cousin's arm. Fortunately Gildon was in the south portico (then getting to be the shady side of the house) when she came into the passage, upon which old Mr. Barton exclaimed—"Mr. Gildon, here is an old acquaintance of yours I believe;" at which Frank stared, but Gildon ran immediately into the passage, and seeing Louisa, forgot the course he had prescribed to himself, and seizing her hand, which she, by a similar but more subdued emotion, readily held out, he bowed to her at once respectfully and tenderly.

He inquired about her health, her journey, and whether she had heard from Frederick in the week since he had left her, to all of which questions she answered with timidity, and the greater embarrass-

ment for her unsuccessful efforts to conceal what she felt. Perceiving her emotion, and secretly delighted when he reflected on its cause, he turned to Miss Barton, and told her he presumed they were now both very happy, as he knew Miss Grayson's sentiments towards her friend, and Miss Barton's sentiments he could conjecture, because he knew Miss Grayson.

Although this was said in a low voice, and with that easy assured air for which Gildon was remarkable, Louisa blushed exceedingly.

"I am indeed truly happy," said Miss Julia; "and I wish, sir, you would join me in persuading my cousin to pass the winter with me."

"I hardly know whether I could consent to do that, Miss Barton, if my entreaties would have any weight, in justice to my friend Mrs. Grayson, who could never brook so long a separation."

Louisa, in spite of her virgin timidity, gave him a look of kindness and grati-

tude, for thus remembering and speaking of her dear mother.

"And so, cousin," said Frank, "you and my friend here turn out to be old acquaintances, while I thought he knew only your brother; and, would you believe it? I had some difficulty in persuading him to call by, on his way to Williamsburg."

"Are you then going to Williamsburg?" said Louisa.

"I probably shall," replied Gildon; "but you know my movements have been irregular, and they may still so continue."

They were now asked out to dinner, where Gildon saw the same nice cookery he had commonly met with at Beachwood, and that far greater variety which the lower country affords. Mr. Barton was a specimen of that class of old-fashioned persons (the Virginia gentlemen), which is now nearly extinct. They were remarkable for their urbanity, frankness, and ease; a nice sense of honour—a ha-

tired of all that was little or mean—more fond of hospitality than show—great epicures at table—great lovers of Madeira wine, of horses, and dogs—free at a jest, particularly after dinner, with a goodly store of family pride, and a moderate portion of learning—never disputing a bill, and seldom paying a debt, until, like their Madeira, it had acquired age; scrupulously neat in their persons, but affecting plainness and simplicity in their dress—kind and indulgent, rather than faithful husbands, deeming some variety essential in all gratifications of the appetite. There was enough of frankness and ease in their courtesy to prevent disagreeable restraint in others, and so much warmth in their hospitality as to ensure gratitude and good will. The luxurious and social habits in which they were educated gave them all that polished and easy grace which is possessed by the highest classes in Europe. Indeed, the higher classes of society every where have the same manners, which are the joint result of their



leisure, education, the cultivation of social pleasures, and, above all, a high sense of self-respect: and from the equality which existed there, as well as in other parts of the United States, there were none of those forms and ceremonies invented to preserve the distinction of rank and titles to precedence, all of which naturally give rise to stiffness and restraint in society.

There is more intelligence among the best-informed classes of the present day, but it is commonly associated either with pedantry, or coarseness, or a careless ease, which does not disguise its indifference for the accommodation of others. Wherever the same refinement of manners was found in other countries, one could seldom meet with the same frankness and cordiality, for these qualities would beat down the barriers which the institutions of society had erected to separate the different classes from each other: nor could it exist in such countries as perfectly, even among equals, since habits of formality, produced in the intercourse between those

of different ranks would be naturally extended to those of the same rank. The manners of the females with us have not deteriorated in the same degree, if at all; they have gained, generally speaking, in mental improvement, without losing in delicacy or purity.

Louisa did not feel sufficiently at her ease to wish to be placed at the side of her lover, and profited by the practice which then prevailed, of the ladies sitting at the upper end of the table and the men below, to place herself at a distance from Giddon, who however was seated by the side of her friend; and so assiduous was he in his attentions, and so graciously were they received by Miss Barton, that Louisa would have felt ill at ease, had she not, by the words which occasionally reached her quick ears, perceived that their conversation turned altogether on herself. He inquired how they passed their time—of their visitors, neighbours, and acquaintance—and soon perceived that this young lady was yet more a child of romance than

the gentle Louisa; so fondly she dwelt on their solitary walks by moonlight in the garden—along the banks of the Potomac—in the grove near the house—so praised the sweet notes of the mocking-bird, and expressed such lively regret that our country could boast of no nightingales; in all of which Gildon affected to agree in opinion, and sympathize in feeling. In answer to his inquiries concerning their beaux, he had a detailed account of each one, except of her own lover, Mr. Jones, whom she comprehended under the general description of “some few others.” He learned from Miss Barton, that Louisa’s charms had made great impression in her attendance on the church of the parish, and with such of the neighbouring young gentlemen as had visited at Stanley, which information he very readily believed, and as readily deprecated.

After the ladies had retired from table, Gildon having manifested his fatigue, as it was in fact a dull party, between the father, son, son-in-law, and himself, they soon

went out into the south portico, fronting the Potomac, smoked cigars, and looked over the newspapers, until tea, when they repaired to the drawing-room, to join the ladies. After tea, Julia Barton proposed a walk to her cousin ; and the usual rules of politeness paired Frank Barton with Louisa, and Gildon with her cousin—an arrangement that was disagreeable to all the parties except Miss Barton. The lovers pined for the conversation of each other, and Frank had very little relish for female society ; but after going some distance, Miss Julia, turning round to her brother, who was behind, said—" Brother, I have a secret to tell you—I must make Louisa give you up a while, and I must lend her my beau."

Louisa, who would have been delighted if the exchange could have been made without attracting observation, felt an invincible repugnance to yield to her wishes on the occasion, and objected to giving up her cousin ; and while they were debating the matter, young Mr. Jones came up to

them, walking very fast, and having bowed to the ladies, was introduced to Gildon.

"Here is one who will settle this dispute," said Frank; "and as there is a beau a-piece, ladies, I must go and see my sick horse, and wish you a good-evening;" and turned off, without waiting to see how his abrupt departure would be received.

Jones then took Julia Barton under his arm, and Gildon, with yet more eagerness than respect, seized on Louisa, who made no further resistance. They soon fell behind, though Jones manifested some disposition to dispute with him that favourite post of lovers in a line of march; but finding it as tenaciously maintained as it had been promptly occupied, he seemed to make amends for the time he had lost, by quickening his pace; so that there was soon so long an interval between them, that had they been far less engrossed than they were, not a word of the other's dialogue could either party have heard. Gildon detailed, with ready eloquence, his

regrets and anxieties, his hopes and fears; told her, that finding longer absence insupportable, he had determined to throw himself in the neighbourhood of her, whose looks and smiles alone could make life supportable; and then stated how far chance had favoured his designs.

Louisa listened with delight to this detail; her own bosom responded to every sentiment he expressed, and she said as much as she dare trust herself to say, in the overflowings of her heart; but the softness and inexpressible tenderness which love can infuse in the whole air, and look, and manner, of a delicate female, told him that which her words failed to express. So sweetly glided away the precious moments, that when about dusk they met their friends returning, they wondered at the shortness of the walk.

Louisa did not communicate to Julia all that had passed between Gildon and herself; for love, particularly first love, feeds on the secret recollection of its mysteries, and feels as if the luxury of its

sensations would be diminished by communication: yet she, in general terms, told her cousin of their mutual attachment, but that they did not wish it known, until Mr. Gildon could see whether he could obtain his father's consent; and that they wished still to maintain the appearance of lovers in the first stage of courtship—all of which, having the air of romance, and being at all events a love secret, was exactly to Miss Barton's taste; and she took great pleasure in planning walks and interviews, by which the lovers could have free conferences, and yet appear only to have that sort of intercourse which ordinarily takes place between two young persons who are merely forming an intimacy. So completely did her cousin's more romantic attachment, thwarted by difficulties and wrapped in mystery to all but the lovers and herself, interest her, that it occupied her mind still more than her own safe, easy, common-place engagement; and she envied Louisa all the de-

licate distress which her situation seemed calculated to call forth.

There never was an evening that the two pair of lovers did not walk out; and they commonly passed some hours in the morning together. The progress which Louisa's passion had made was the greater, as it was not checked by those twinges of self-reproach she was daily feeling at Beachwood, nor by the salutary and strengthening counsels of her mother, nor yet by the sobering influence of religious exercises; it had now attained its utmost height. The interval appeared inexpressibly tedious which passed between the times of meeting, during which hours flew like minutes, and were scarcely perceived, except by the recollection. Gildon gave himself up to the intoxicating influence of this most seductive of all pleasures, and careless of the future and the past, he thought only of the present; or rather, engrossed by the delicious feelings of the moment, he did not think at all—he banished reflection.



As he and Jones were commonly together when not in company with their mistresses, he soon became well acquainted with him, and found him sensible, well-informed, of great integrity of character, but very ignorant of mankind. Gildon would endeavour to drive away those disagreeable anticipations of the future which would occasionally obtrude themselves on his mind, by inquiring into the management and police of a large plantation—a subject into which he had obtained some insight during his residence in Frederick; and he now wished to see the difference between a slave estate on tide water, and one beyond the mountains.

Stanley was a large tract of four thousand acres of flat sandy land, three-fourths of which were covered with a thick wood, in some places of pine, in others of pine and oak, intercepted here and there with swamps and glades; the other fourth consisted either of land in cultivation, or old fields, exhausted by a severe course of tillage, and which now afforded a scanty

pasturage to horses, cattle, and sheep; or had grown up in young pines, standing so thick as to be impassable on horseback. There were more than an hundred and fifty slaves on the estate. The tract had been larger, but two pieces had been taken off, of about eight hundred acres each; one for Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and the other, called the Glades, had been assigned to Frank Barton. Here he had an overseer, or manager, to whom the entire superintendence of his farm, and the sale of his crop, were confided; as Frank concerned himself very little about his estate, except in receiving its profits, and in attending to the horses which he raised. This man had been recommended to him by his father, who had known him as the son of the most judicious and faithful steward he ever had; and such was his success in raising crops, in disposing of them to the best advantage in Baltimore, and in honestly accounting for all that came to his hands, that he had so contrived as to administer to Frank's wants for the five

years that had elapsed since he was put in possession of the estate.

Frank soon became tired of the regularity of Stanley, and on the third day after his arrival, he proposed to Gildon to ride over and see if he could please himself in a horse. Mr. Collins, his manager, had the whole stud paraded; and Frank, with great animation, and a sort of technical eloquence, despatched on the merits of each. A large bay, of very fine form and carriage, first attracted Gildon's attention, which being perceived, Frank told him that gelding would suit him exactly; he had purchased him two or three years before, when a colt, and he had been for a long time his favourite riding horse, but having got poor, he was letting him run in the pasture this summer, to get in flesh, and supple, and springy, as formerly.

Gildon asked if he would part with him.

"To you I would, especially since I am now wedded to my phaeton and dam ponies."

Gildon asked him his price.

He said he would take four hundred dollars, which was one hundred less than he could have got for him at the last Fredericksburg races.

As Gildon's funds were now very much reduced, and were not likely to be replenished while he continued to prosecute his present suit, he thought it prudent to decline the friendly offer; and the price, moreover, appeared to him rather high. Casting then his eyes around, he said—"What would you take for that fat, round, chestnut sorrel, that seems in better condition for present use?"

"Oh, he would not suit you; he wants size and figure."

"That's the best horse on the land," said Collins.

Gildon still continuing to eye him, knowing that the large bay was beyond his reach, Frank, in his hasty way, as he always acted on some sudden impulse, said—"I must suit you better, as you

won't suit yourself. You may have the bay for three hundred and fifty dollars."

Gildon still looked at the sorrel.

"You shall then have him for three hundred; and so much for ill luck."

Gildon, attributing Frank's seeming unwillingness to let him have the horse he rated lowest to the inconvenience of paying the difference in money, and knowing that it was equally inconvenient to himself to give money, in part, thought the last offer would accommodate both, and he accordingly acceded to it, congratulating himself on being so handsomely mounted on such easy terms; and determining, however, that Frank should be no loser by his generosity, when he should hereafter be in a situation to make an adequate return for it. He then inquired of Collins about the age and qualities of his purchase, and learnt that he was nine or ten years old, and well gaited; that one of his eyes had been a little injured, but having been rowelled, that he had now

recovered; and that he was, upon the whole, a very valuable gelding; should, however, his eyes be again affected, he kindly recommended several remedies, which had been tried with great success.

"Oh, d——n it," says Frank, "if any thing should be the matter with his eyes, sell him, or swap him off: I would not plague myself with so much doctoring."

Gildon now began to doubt whether he had made as great a bargain as he had at first supposed, and to suspect, that the proverb which respects *a gift horse*, applies also to a *horse* that is won. The truth was, that Frank, from early familiarity with the practice, had very little scruple in getting more for a horse than he was worth, or even in concealing his defects; and on the present occasion, he was willing to discharge his losses at cards by a horse, which, though once a very superior animal, had been broke down, and was likely soon to become totally blind. Some such peculiar morality must have prevailed with Collins, who was a very

honest man, and who, out of pure good nature, intimated to Gildon the defects of his purchase. Indeed it is not unfrequent to meet with men who, however just and fair in all their other dealings, will cease to be so in the sale of a horse; and while false representations, and even studied concealments of great defects, are generally reprobated as "cheating," there is not one in a thousand who hesitates to get more for his horse than he knows he is worth, if he can do so by not deviating from the truth.

Gildon and Jones used sometimes to ride over the extensive farm together, and sometimes, when the weather was cloudy, and not sultry, walk out to witness the labour of the slaves. A machine for threshing out wheat, which had just been erected by colonel Barton, the first in the county, was sometimes visited. He was amused at seeing the alacrity of the slaves, and hearing their rude songs in gathering fodder—that is, in stripping the long

blades from the Indian corn, which are cured and put away for the horses in the winter.

“ These expressions of joy,” said Jones to him one day, “ are peculiarly gratifying from the slave, because it pleases us to see them happy, under that privation which we have been taught to believe is greater than any other; besides, the exercise of our sympathies is always more or less agreeable, and it is doubly so when we sympathize with feelings of joy. But the corn songs of these humble creatures would please you still more; for some of them have a small smack of poetry, and are natural at expressions of kind and amiable feelings—such as praise of their master, gratitude for his kindness, thanks for his goodness, praise of one another, and now and then a little humorous satire. The air of these songs has not much variety or melody, and requires not more flexibility of voice than they all possess, as they all join in the chorus. Some one, who feels himself qualified for the office,



strikes up, and singly gives a few rude stanzas, sometimes in rhyme, and sometimes in short, expressive sentences, while the rest unite in chorus, and this he continues until some other improvisatore relieves him. One of the favourite occasions on which their talent for music and poetry is thus exercised, is when they are "shocking" out the Indian corn—at which time all the negroes of the plantation, and sometimes many from the neighbourhood, are assembled, and sit up nearly the whole night. This is a practice prevailing more or less throughout this state, and I believe the other slave states; but it prevails most in the lower country, where the negroes are in the greatest numbers, and the plantations the largest; and yet there are thousands amongst us who never attended a corn-shocking, or even heard a corn song—so entirely separated are the two classes of black and white, and so little curiosity does that excite, which is, and always has been, near us. I have heard of persons who were born and bred,